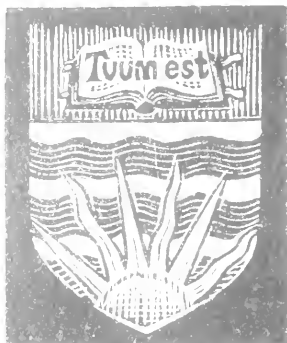


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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
LEWIS MORRIS

VOLUME FOUR

SONGS UNSUNG
GYCIA

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1887

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SONGS UNSUNG

AND

GYCIA

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

LEWIS MORRIS

FIFTH EDITION

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1887

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SONGS UNSUNG

FIDE ET AMORE.

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SONGS UNSUNG.



PICTURES—I.

ABOVE the abysmal undivided deep
A train of glory streaming from afar ;
And in the van, to wake the worlds from sleep,
One on whose forehead shines the Morning-Star.



Long-rolling surges of a falling sea,
Smiting the sheer cliffs of an unknown shore ;
And by a fanged rock, swaying helplessly
A mast with broken cordage—nothing more.



Three peaks, one loftier, all in virgin white,
Poised high in cloudland when the day is done,
And on the mid-most, far above the night,
The rose-red of the long-departed sun.

A wild girl reeling, helpless, like to fall,
Down a hushed street at dawn in midsummer ;
And one who had clean forgot their past and all,
From a lit palace casement looks at her.

A young man, only clothed with youth's first bloom,
In mien and form an angel, not in eye ;
Hard by, a fell worm creeping from a tomb,
And one, wide-eyed, who cries, "The Enemy !"

A lake of molten fires which swell and surge
And fall in thunders on the burning verge ;
And one a queen rapt, with illumined face,
Who doth defy the Goddess of the place.

Eros beneath a red-cupped tree, asleep,
And floating round him, like to cherubim,
Fair rosy laughter-dimpled loves, who peep
Upon the languid loosened limbs of him.

A darkling gateway, thronged with entering ghosts,
And a grave janitor, who seems to say :
“ Woe, woe to youth, to life, which idly boasts ;
I am the End, and mine the appointed Way.”

A young Faun making music on a reed,
Deep in a leafy dell in Arcady :
Three girl-nymphs fair, in musing thought take heed
Of the strange youth's mysterious melody.

A flare of lamplight in a shameful place
Full of wild revel and unchecked offence,
And in the midst, one fresh scarce-sullied face,
Within her eyes, a dreadful innocence.

A quire of seraphs, chanting row on row,
With lute and viol and high trumpet notes ;
And, above all, their soft young eyes aglow—
Child angels, making laud from full clear throats.

Some, on a cliff at dawn, in agony ;
Below, a scaly horror on the sea,
Lashing the leaden surge. Fast-bound, a maid
Waits on the verge, alone, but unafraid.

A poisonous, dead, sad sea-marsh, fringed with pines,
Thin-set with mouldering churches, old as Time ;
Beyond, on high, just touched with wintry rime,
The long chain of the autumnal Apennines.

A god-like Presence, beautiful as dawn,
Watching, upon an untrodden summit white,
The Earth's last day grow full, and fade in night ;
Then, with a sigh, the Presence is withdrawn.

A sheer rock-islet, frowning on the sea
Where no ship sails, nor ever life may be :
Thousands of leagues around, from pole to pole,
The unbounded lonely ocean-currents roll.

Young maids who wander on a flower-lit lawn,
In springtide of their lives as of the year ;
Meanwhile, unnoticed, swift, a thing of fear,
Across the sun, a deadly shadow drawn.

Slow, hopeless, overborne, without a word,
Two issuing, as if from Paradise ;
Behind them, stern, and with un pitying eyes,
Their former selves, wielding a two-edged sword.

A weary woman tricked with gold and gem,
Wearing some strange barbaric diadem,
Scorn on her lips, and, like a hidden fire,
Within her eyes cruel unslaked desire.

Two aged figures, poor, and blurred with tears ;
Their child, a bold proud woman, sweeping by ;
A hard cold face, which pities not nor fears,
And all contempt and evil in her eye.

Around a harpsichord, a blue-eyed throng
Of long-dead children, rapt in sounds devout,
In some old grange, while on that silent song
The sabbath twilight fades, and stars come out.

The end of things created ; Dreadful night,
Advancing swift on sky, and earth, and sea ;
But at the zenith a departing light,
A soaring countless blessed company.

THE LESSON OF TIME.

LEAD thou me, Spirit of the World, and I
Will follow where thou leadest, willingly ;
Not with the careless sceptic's idle mood,
Nor blindly seeking some unreal good ;

For I have come, long since to that full day
Whose morning mists have fled and curled away—
That breathless afternoon-tide when the Sun
Halts, as it were, before his journey done,

Calm as a river broadening through the plain,
Which never plunges down the rocks again,
But, clearly mirrored in its tranquil deep,
Holds tower and spire and forest as in sleep.

How old and worn the metaphor appears,
Old as the tale of passing hopes and fears !
New as the springtide air, which day by day
Breathes on young lives, and speeds them on their way.

The Roman knew it, and the Hellene too ;
Assyrian and Egyptian proved it true ;
Who found for youth's young glory and its glow
Serener life, and calmer tides run slow.

And them oblivion takes, and those before,
Whose very name and race we know no more,
To whom, oh Spirit of the World and Man,
Thou didst reveal Thyself when Time began,—

They felt, as I, what none may understand ;
They touched through darkness on a hidden hand ;
They marked their hopes, their faiths, their longings fade,
And found a solitude themselves had made ;

They came, as I, to hope which conquers doubt,
Though sun and moon and every star go out ;
They ceased, while at their side a still voice said,
“ Fear not, have courage ; blessed are the dead.”

They were my brothers—of one blood with me,
As with the unborn myriads who shall be :
I am content to rise and fall as they ;
I watch the rising of the Perfect Day.

Lead thou me, Spirit, willing and content
To be, as thou wouldst have me, wholly spent.
I am thine own, I neither strive nor cry :
Stretch forth thy hand, I follow, silently.

VENDREDI SAINT.

THIS is Paris, the beautiful city,
Heaven's gate to the rich, to the poor without pity.
The clear sun shines on the fair town's graces,
And on the cold green of the shrunken river,
And the chill East blows, as 'twould blow for ever,
On the holiday groups with their shining faces.

For this is the one solemn day of the season,
When all the swift march of her gay unreason
Pauses a while, and a thin mask of sadness
Is spread o'er the features of riot and madness,
And the churches are crowded with devotees holy,
Rich and poor, saint and sinner, the great and the lowly.

* * * * *

Here is a roofless palace, where gape
Casements in rows without form or shape :
A sordid ruin, whose swift decay
Speaks of that terrible morning in May
When the whole fair city was blood and fire,
And the black smoke of ruin rose higher and higher,

And through the still streets, 'neath the broad Spring sun,
Everywhere murder and rapine were done ;
Women lurking, with torch in hand,
Evil eyed, sullen, who soon should stand
Before the sharp bayonets, dripping with blood,
And be pierced through and through, or shot dead where
they stood.

* * * * *

This is the brand-new Hôtel de Ville,
Where six hundred wretches met death in the fire ;

Ringed round with a pitiless hedge of steel,
Not one might escape that swift vengeance. To-day
The ruin, the carnage, are clean swept away ;
And the sumptuous façades, and the high roofs aspire,

And, upon the broad square, the white palace face
Looks down with a placid and meaningless grace,
Ignoring the bloodshed, the struggle, the sorrow,
The doom that has been, and that may be to-morrow,
The hidden hatred, the mad endeavour,
The strife that has been and shall be for ever.

* * * * *

Here rise the twin-towers of Notre Dame,
Through siege, and revolt, and ruin the same.
See the people in crowds pressing onward, slowly,
Along the dark aisles to the altar holy—
The altar, to-day, wrapt in mourning and gloom,
Since He whom they worship lies dead in the tomb.

There, by a tiny acolyte tended,
A round-cheeked child in his cassock white,
Lies the tortured figure to which are bended
The knees of the passers who gaze on the sight,
And the people fall prostrate, and kiss and mourn
The fair dead limbs which the nails have torn.

And the passionate music comes from the quire,
Full of soft chords of a yearning pity
The mournful voices accordant aspire
To the far-off gates of the Heavenly City ;
And the clear, keen alto, soaring high and higher,
Mounts now a surging fountain, now a heavenward fire.

"Ay, eighteen centuries after the day,
A world-worn populace kneel and pray,
As they pass by and gaze on the limbs unbroken.
What symbol is this? of what yearnings the token?

What spell this that leads men a part to be
Of this old Judæan death-agony?

And I asked, Was it nought but a Nature Divine,
That for lower Natures consented to die?
Could a greater than human sacrifice,
Still make the tears spring to the world-worn eye?
One thought only it was that replied, and no other :
This man was our brother.

* * * * *

As I pass from the church, in the cold East wind,
All its solemn teachings are left behind :
Here, once again, by the chill blue river,
The blighted buds on the branches shiver ;
Here, again, are the holiday groups, with delight
Gaping in wonder at some new sight.

'Tis an open doorway, squalid and low,
And crowds which ceaselessly come and go.

Careless enough ere they see the sight
Which leaves the gay faces pallid and white :
Something is there which can change their mood,
And check the holiday flow of the blood.

For the face which they see is the face of Death.
Strange, such a thing as the ceasing of breath
Should work such miraculous change as here :
Turn the thing that we love, to a thing of fear ;
Transform the sordid, the low, the mean,
To a phantasm, pointing to Depths unseen.

There they lie, the dead, unclaimed and unknown,
Each on his narrow and sloping stone.
The chill water drips from each to the ground ;
No other movement is there, nor sound.
With the look which they wore when they came to die,
They gaze from blind eyes on the pitiless sky.

No woman to-day, thank Heaven, is here ;
But men, old for the most part, and broken quite,
Who, finding this sad world a place of fear,
Have leapt forth hopelessly into the night,
Bankrupt of faith, without love, unfriended,
Too tired of the comedy ere 'twas ended.

But here is one younger, whose ashy face
Bears some faint shadow of former grace.
What brought him here ? was it love's sharp fever ?
Was she worse than dead that he bore to leave her ?
Or was his young life, ere its summer came,
Burnt by Passion's whirlwinds as by a flame.

Was it Drink or Desire, or the die's sure shame,
Which led this poor wanderer to deep disgrace ?
Was it hopeless misfortune, unmixed with blame,
That laid him here dead, in this dreadful place ?

Ah Heaven, of these nineteen long centuries,
Is the sole fruit this thing with the sightless eyes !

Yesterday, passion and struggle and strife,
Hatreds, it may be, and anger-choked breath ;
Yesterday, fear and the burden of life ;
To-day, the cold ease and the calmness of death :
And that which strove and sinned and yielded there,
To-day in what hidden place of God's mysterious air ?

Whatever he has been, here now he lies,
Facing the stare of unpitying eyes.
I turn from the dank and dishonoured face,
To the fair dead Christ by his altar place,
And the same thought replies to my soul, and no other—
This, too, was our brother.

“NO MORE, NO MORE.”

“No more, no more,” the autumnal shadows cry ;
“No more, no more,” our failing hearts reply :
Oh ! that our lives were come to that calm shore
Where change is done, and fading is no more.

But should some mightier hand completion send,
And smooth life's stream unrippled to its end,
Our sated souls, filled with an aching pain,
Would yearn for waning days and years again.

Thrice blessed be the salutary change
Which day by day brings thoughts and feelings strange !
Our gain is loss, we keep but what we give,
And only daily dying may we live.

THE NEW CREED.

YESTERDAY, to a girl I said—

“I take no pity for the unworthy dead,

The wicked, the unjust, the vile who die ;

’Twere better thus that they should rot and lie.

The sweet, the lovable, the just

Make holy dust ;

Elsewhere than on the earth

Shall come their second birth.

Until they go each to his destined place,

Whether it be to bliss or to disgrace,

’Tis well that both shall rest, and for a while be dead.”

“There is nowhere else,” she said.

“There is nowhere else.” And this was a girl’s voice
Who, some short tale of summers gone to-day,
Would carelessly rejoice,
As life’s blithe springtide passed upon its way
And all youth’s infinite hope and bloom
Shone round her ; nor might any shadow of gloom
Fall on her as she passed from flower to flower ;
Love sought her, with full dower
Of happy wedlock and young lives to rear ;
Nor shed her eyes a tear,
Save for some passing pity, fancy bred.
All good things were around her—riches, love,
All that the heart and mind can move,
The precious things of art, the undefiled
And innocent affection of a child.
Oh girl, who amid sunny ways dost tread,
What curse is this that blights that comely head ?

For right or wrong there is no further place than here,
No sanctities of hope, no chastening fear?

“There is nowhere else,” she said.

“There is nowhere else,” and in the wintry ground
When we have laid the darlings of our love—
The little lad with eyes of blue,
The little maid with curls of gold,
Or the belovèd agèd face
On which each passing year stamps a diviner grace—
That is the end of all, the narrow bound.

Why look our eyes above

To an unreal home which mortal never knew—
Fold the hands on the breast, the clay-cold fingers fold?
No waking comes there to the uncaring dead!

“There is nowhere else,” she said.

Strange; is it old or new, this deep distress?

Or do the generations, as they press

Onward for ever, onward still,
Finding no truth to fill
Their starving yearning souls, from year to year
Feign some new form of fear
To fright them, some new terror
Couched on the path of error,
Some cold and desolate word which, like a blow,
Forbids the current of their faith to flow,
Makes slow their pulse's eager beat,
And, chilling all their wonted heat,
Leaves them to darkling thoughts and dreads a prey,
Uncheered by dawning shaft or setting ray ?

Ah, old it is, indeed, and nowise new.

This is the poison-growth that grew

- In the old thinkers' fancy-haunted ground.

They, blinded by some keen too-vivid gleam

Of the Unseen, to which all things did seem

To shape themselves and tend,
Solved, by some Giant Force, the Mystery of Things,
And, soaring all too high on Fancy's wings,
Saw in dead matter both their Source and End.
They felt the self-same shock and pain
As I who hear these prattlings cold to-day.
Not otherwise of old the fool to his heart did say.
"There is no other place of joy or grief,
Nor wrong in doubt, nor merit in belief :
There is no God, nor Lord of quick and dead ;
There is nowhere else," they said.

And, indeed, if any to whom life's path were rough
Should say as you, he had cause maybe at sight.
For lo, the way is steep and hard enough,
And wrong is tangled and confused with right ;
And from all the world there goes a solemn sound
Of lamentations, rising from the ground,

Confused as that which shocks the wondering ear
Of one who, gliding on the still lagune,
Finds the oar's liquid splash and tune
Broken by wild cries of frenzy and of fear,
And knows the Isle of Madness drawing near ;
And the scheme of things, if scheme there be indeed,
Is a book deeper than our eyes may read,
Full of wild paradox, and vain endeavour,
And hopes and faiths which find completion never.
For such a one, in seasons of dismay
And deep depression and despair,
Clouds come ofttimes to veil the face of day,
And there is no ray left of all the beams of gold,
The glow, the radiance bright, the unclouded faith of
old.

But you, poor child forlorn,
Ah ! better were it you were never born ;

Better that you had thrown your life away
On some coarse lump of clay ;
Better defeat, disgrace, childlessness, all
That can a solitary life befall,
Than to have all things and yet be
Self-bound to dark despondency,
And self-tormented, beyond reach of doubt,
By some cold word that puts all yearnings out.

“ There is nowhere else,” she said :
This is the outcome of their crude Belief
Who are, beyond all rescue and relief,
Being self-slain and numbered with the dead.
“ There is no God but Force,
Which, working always on its destined course,
Speeds on its way and knows no thought of change.
Within the germ the molecule fares free,
Holding the potency of what shall be ;

Within the little germ lurks the heaven-reaching tree :
No break is there in all the cosmic show.
What place is there, in all the Scheme Immense,
For a remote unworking Excellence
Which may not be perceived by any sense,
Which makes no humble blade of grass to grow,
Which adds no single link to things and thoughts we
 know ? ”

“ For everything that is, indeed,
Bears with it its own seed ;
It cannot change or cease and be no more :
For ever all things are even as they were before
Or if, by long degrees and slow,
More complex doth the organism grow,
It makes no break in the eternal plan ;
There is no gulf that yawns between the herb and
 man.”

Poor child, what is it they have taught,
Who through deep glooms and desert wastes of thought
Have brought to such as you their dreary creed ?
Have they no care, indeed,
For all the glorious gains of man's long past,
For all our higher hope of what shall be at last ?
"All things are moulded in one mould ;
They spring, they are, they fade by one compulsion cold—
Some dark necessity we cannot know,
Which bids them wax and grow,—
That is sufficient cause for all things, quick and dead !"
"There is no Cause else," she said.

Oh, poor indeed, and in evil case,
Who shouldst be far from sound of doubt
As a maiden in some restful place
Whose busy life, year in year out,

Is made of gentle worship, homely days
Marked by their growing sum of prayer and praise,
The church spire pointing to the longed-for sky,
The heaven that opens to the cloistered eye.
For us, for us, who mid the weary strife
And jangling discords of our life
Are day by day opprest,
'Twere little wonder were our souls distrest,
God, and the life to be, and all our early trust
Being far from us expelled and thrust ;
But for you, child, who cannot know at all
To what hidden laws we stand or fall,
To what bad heights the wrong within may grow,
To what dark deeps the stream of hopeless lives may
 flow !

-

For let the doubter babble as he can,
There is no wit in man

Which can make Force rise higher still
Up to the heights of Will,—
No phase of Force which finite minds can know
Can self-determined grow,
And of itself elect what shall its essence be :
The same to all eternity,
Unchanged, unshaped, it goes upon its blinded way ;
Nor can all forces nor all laws
Bring ceasing to the scheme, nor any pause,
Nor shape it to the mould in which to be—
Form from the wingèd seed the myriad-branching tree,—
Nor guide the force once sped, so that it turn
To Water-floods that quench or Fires that burn,
Or now to the electric current change,
Or draw all things by some attraction strange.
Or in the brain of man, working unseen, sublime,
Transcend the narrow bounds of Space and Time.

Whence comes the innate Power which knows to guide
The force deflected so from side to side,
That not a barren line from whence to where
It goes upon its way through the unfettered air?
What sways the prisoned atom on its fruitful course?
Ah, it was more than Force
Which gave the Universe of things its form and face!
Force moving on its path through Time and Space
Would nought enclose, but leave all barren still.
A higher Power, it was, the worlds could form and fill;
And by some pre-existent harmony
Were all things made as Fate would have them be—
Fate, the ineffable Word of an Eternal Will.

All things that are or seem,
Whether we wake who see or do but dream,
Are of that Primal Will phantasms, if no more;
Who sees these right sees God, and seeing doth adore.

Joy, suffering, evil, good,
Whate'er our daily food,
Whate'er the mystery and paradox of things,
Low creeping thoughts and high imaginings.
The laughters of the world, the age-long groan,
Bring to his mind one name, one thought alone ;
All beauty, right, deformity, or wrong,
Sing to his ear one high unchanging song ;
And everything that is, to his rapt fancy brings
The hidden beat through space of the Eternal Wings.

Where did the Idea dwell,
At first, which was of all the germ and seed ?
Which worked from Discord order, from blind Force
Sped all the Cosmos on its upward course ?
Which held within the atom and the cell
The whole vast hidden Universe, sheltered well,
Till the hour came to unfold it, and the need ?

What did the ever-upward growth conceive,
Which from the obedient monad formed the herb, the tree,
The animal, the man, the high growths that shall be ?
Ever from simpler to more complex grown,
The long processions from a source unknown
Unfold themselves across the scene of life.
Oh blessed struggle and strife,
Fare onward to the end, since from a Source
Thou art, which doth transcend and doth determine Force !
Fare onward to the end ; not from Force, dead and blind
Thou comest, but from the depths of the Creative Mind.

Fare on to the end, but how should ending be,
If Will be in the Universe, and plan ?
Some higher thing shall be, that which to-day is Man.
- Undying is each cosmic force :
Undying, but transformed, it runs its endless course
It cannot wane, or sink, or be no more.

Not even the dust and lime which clothe us round
Lose their own substance in the charnel-ground,
Or carried far upon the weltering wind ;
Only with other growths combined,
In some new whole they are for ever—
They are, and perish never.

The great suns shed themselves in heat and light
Upon the unfilled interstellar air,
Till all their scattered elements unite
And are replenished as before they were.

Nothing is lost, nor can be : change alone,
Unceasing, never done,

Shapes all the forms of things, and keeps them still
Obedient to the Unknown Perfect Will.

And shall the life that is the highest that we know,
Shall this, alone, no more increase, expand and grow ?

Nay, somewhere else there is, although we know not
where,

Nor what new shape God gives our lives to wear.

We are content, whatever it shall be ;

Content, through all eternity,

To be whatever the Spirit of the World deem best ;—

Content to be at rest ;

Content to work and fare through endless days ;

Content to spend ourselves in endless praise :

Nay, if it be the Will Divine,

Content to be, and through long lives to pine,

Far from the light which vivifies, the fire

Which breathes upon our being and doth inspire

All soaring thoughts and hopes which light our pathway
here ;

Content, though with some natural thrill of fear,

To be purged through by age-long pain,

Till we resume our upward march again ;

Content, if need, to take some lower form,
Some humbler herb or worm
To be awhile, if e'er the eternal plan
Go back from higher to lower, from man to less than man.
Not so, indeed, we hold, but rather this—
That all Time gone, that all that was or is,
The scarpèd cliff, the illimitable Past,
This truth alone of all truths else hold fast :—
From lower to higher, from simple to complete,
This is the pathway of the Eternal Feet;
From earth to lichen, herb to flowering tree,
From cell to creeping worm, from man to what shall be.
This is the solemn lesson of all time,
This is the teaching of the voice sublime :
Eternal are the worlds, and all that them do fill ;
Eternal is the march of the Creative Will ;
Eternal is the life of man, and sun, and star ;
Ay, even though they fade a while, they are ;
And though they pause from shining, speed for ever still.

A GREAT GULF.

If any tender sire
Who sits girt round by loving faces
And happy childhood's thousand graces,
Through sudden crash or fire
Should 'scape from this poor life to some mysterious air,
And, dwelling solitary there,
Feel his unfilled and yearning father's heart
Pierced through by some intolerable smart ;
And, sickening for the dear lost lives again,
- Through his o'ermastering pain
Should break the awful bounds the Eternal sets between
That which lives Here, and There, the Seen and the
Unseen ;

And having gained once more
This little Earth, should reach the scarce-left place
Which greets him with unchanged familiar face—
The well-remembered door,
The rose he watered blooming yet,
Nought to remember or forget,
No change in all the world except in him,
Nor there save in some sense already dim
Before the unchanged past, so that he seem
A mortal spirit still, and what was since, a dream ;

And in the well-known room
Should find the blithe remembered faces
Grown sad and blurred by recent traces
Of a new sorrow and gloom,
And when his soul to comfort them is fain
Finds his voice mute, his form unknown, unseen,

And thinks with irrepressible pain
Of all the happy days which late have been,
And feels his new life's inmost chambers stirred
If only of his own, he might be seen or heard ;

Then if, at length,
The father's yearning and o'erburdened soul
Burst into shape and voice which scorn control
Of its despairing strength,—
Ah Heaven ! ah pity for the present dread
Which rising, strikes the old affection dead !
Ah, better were it far than this thing to remain,
Voiceless, unseen, unloved, for ever and in pain !

So when a finer mind,
Knowing its old self swept by some weird change
And the old thought deceased, or else grown strange,
Turns to those left behind,

With passionate stress and mighty yearning stirred,—
It strives to stand revealed in shape and word
In vain ; or by strong travail visible grown,
Finds but a world estranged, and lives and dies alone !

ONE DAY.

ONE day, one day, our lives shall seem
Thin as a brief forgotten dream :
One day, our souls by life opprest,
Shall ask no other boon than rest.

And shall no hope nor longing come,
No memory of our former home,
No yearning for the loved, the dear
Dead lives that are no longer here ?

If this be age, and age no more
Recall the hopes, the fears of yore,

The dear dead mother's accents mild,
The lisping of the little child,

Come, Death, and slay us ere the blood
Run slow, and turn our lives from good
For only in such memories we
Consent to linger and to be.

SEASONS.

THE cold winds rave on the icy river,
The leafless branches complain and shiver,
The snow clouds sweep on, to a dreary tune,—
Can these be the earth and the heavens of June?—

When the blossoming trees gleam in virginal white,
And heaven's gate opens wide in the lucid night,
And there comes no sound on the perfumed air
But the passionate brown bird, carolling fair,

And the lush grass in upland and lowland stands deep,
And the loud landrail lulls the children to sleep,
And the white still road and the thick leaved wood
Are haunted by fanciful solitude ;

And by garden and lane men and maidens walk,
Busied with trivial, loverlike talk ;
And the white and the red rose, newly blown,
Open each, with a perfume and grace of its own.

The cold wind sweeps o'er the desolate hill,
The stream is bound fast and the wolds are chill ;
And by the dead flats, where the cold blasts moan,
A bent body wearily plods alone.

THE PATHOS OF ART.

OFt seeing the old painters' art,
We find the tear unbidden start,
And feel our full hearts closer grow
To the far days of long ago.

Not burning faith, or godlike pain,
Can thus our careless thought enchain ;
The heavenward gaze of souls sublime,
At once transcends, and conquers time.

Nor pictured form of seer or saint,
Which hands inspired delight to paint ;
Art's highest aims of hand or tongue,
Age not, but are for ever young.

But some imperfect trivial scene,
Of homely life which once has been,
Of youth, so soon to pass away,
Of happy childhood's briefer day ;

Or humble daily tasks portrayed—
The thrifty mistress with her maid ;
The flowers, upon the casement set,
Which in our Aprils blossom yet ;

The long processions, never done ;
The time-worn palace, scarce begun ;
The gondolier, who plies his oar
For stately sirs or dames of yore ;

The girl with fair hair morning-stirred,
Who swings the casement for her bird ;
The hunt ; the feast ; the simple mirth
Which marks the marriage or the birth ;

The burly forms, from side to side
Swift rolling on the frozen tide ;
The long-haired knights ; the ladies prim
The chanted madrigal or hymn ;

The opera, with its stately throng ;
The twilight church aisles stretching long
The spires upon the wooded wold ;
The dead pathetic life of old ;—

These all the musing mind can fill—
So dead, so past, so living still :
Oh dear dead lives, oh hands long gone,
Whose life, whose Art still lingers on !

IN THE STRAND.

IN the midst of the busy and roaring Strand,
Dividing life's current on either hand,
A time-worn city church, sombre and grey,
Waits, while the multitude passes away.

Beside it, a strait plot of churchyard ground
Is fenced by a time-worn railing around ;
And within, like a pavement, the ground is spread
With the smooth worn stones of the nameless dead.

But here and there, in the spaces between,
When the slow Spring bursts, and the fields grow green,
Every year that comes, 'mid the graves of the dead
Some large-leaved flower-stem lifts up its head

In the Spring, though as yet the sharp East be here,
This green stem burgeons forth year by year :
Through twenty swift summers and more, have I seen
This tender shoot rise from its sheath of green.

New busy crowds pass on with hurrying feet,
The young lives grow old and the old pass away ;
But unchanged, 'mid the graves, at the fated day,
The green sheath bursts upwards and grows complete.

From the grave it bursts forth, 'mid the graves it shall die,
It shall die as we die, as it lives we shall live ;
And this poor flower has stronger assurance to give,
Than volumes of learning, which blunder or lie.

For out of the dust and decay of the tomb,
It springs, the sun calling, to beauty and bloom ;
And amid the sad city, 'mid death and 'mid strife,
It preaches its mystical promise of life.

CÆLUM NON ANIMUM.

Oh fair to be, oh sweet to be
In fancy's shallop faring free,
With silken sail and fairy mast
To float till all the world be past !

Oh happy fortune, on and on
To wander far till care be gone,
Round beetling capes, to unknown seas,
Seeking the fair Hesperides !

But is there any land or sea
Where toil and trouble cease to be—
Some dim, unfound, diviner shore,
Where men may sin and mourn no more ?

Ah, not the feeling, but the sky
We change, however far we fly ;
How swift soe'er our bark may speed,
Faster the blessed isles recede.

Nay, let us seek at home to find
Fit harvest for the brooding mind,
And find, since thus the world grows fair,
Duty and pleasure everywhere.

Oh well-worn road, oh homely way,
Where pace our footsteps, day by day,
The homestead and the church which bound
The tranquil seasons' circling round !

Ye hold experiences which reach
Depths which no change of skies can teach,
The saintly thought, the secret strife
Which guide, which do perturb our life.

NIOBE.

ON SIPYLUS.

AH me, ah me ! on this high mountain peak,
Which far above the seething Lydian plains
Takes the first dawn-shaft, and the sunset keeps
When all the fields grow dark—I, Niobe,
A mother's heart, hid in a form of stone,
Stand all day in the vengeful sun-god's eye,
Stand all night in the cold gaze of the moon,
Who both long ages since conspiring, slew
My children,—I a childless mother now
Who was most blest, a living woman still,
Bereft of all, and yet who cannot die.

Ah day, ill-fated day, which wrecked my life !
I was the happy mother of strong sons,
Brave, beautiful, all in their bloom of age :
From him my first-born, now a bearded man,
Through the fair promise of imperfect youth,
To the slim stripling who had scarcely left
The women's chambers, on whose lip scant shade
Of budding manhood showed, I loved them all ;
All with their father's eyes, and that strange charm
Of rhythmic grace, and musical utterance
As when, in far-off Thebes, the enchanted wall
Rose perfect, to the music of his lyre.

Ah me, the fatal day ! For at high noon
I sate within my Theban palace fair—
Deep summer-time it was—and marked the crowd
From the thronged city street, to the smooth plain,
Stream joyously: the brave youths, full of life,

Stripped for the mimic fray, the leap, the race,
The wrestling ; and the princes, my strong sons,
The fair limbs I had borne beneath my zone
Grown to full stature, such as maidens love,—
The sinewy arms, the broad chests, and strong loins
Of manhood ; the imperfect flower-like forms,
Eager with youth's first fires ; my youngest born,
My darling, doffing his ephebic robe
Which late he donned with pride, a child in heart,
In budding limbs a youth ;—I see them go
Their fair young bodies glistening in the sun,
Which kissed the shining olive. As they went,
The joyous concourse, winding towards the plain,
My happy eyes o'erflowed, and as I turned
And saw my daughters round me, fair grown lives
And virgin, sitting spinning the white flax,
Each with her distaff, beautiful and fit
To wed with any stately king of men

And reign a queen in Hellas, my glad heart
Broke forth in pride, and as I looked I thought,
“ Oh happy, happy mother of such sons !
Oh happy, happy mother of such girls !
For whom full soon the joyous nuptial rites
Shall bring the expectant bridegroom and the bride,
And soon once more the little childish hands
Which shall renew my early wedded years,
When the king loved me first. Thrice blest indeed.
There is no queen in Hellas such as I,
Dowered with such fair-grown offspring ; not a queen
Nor mother o'er all earth's plain, around which
flows
The wide salt stream of the surrounding sea,
As blest as I. Nay, in Olympus' self
What offspring were they to all-ruling Zeus
That Leto bore? Phœbus and Artemis,
A goodly pair indeed, but two alone.

Poor mother, that to such a lord as Zeus
Bare only those, no fairer than my own.
Nay, I am happier than a goddess' self ;
I would not give this goodly train of mine
For that scant birth. I ask no boon of Zeus,
Nor of the Olympian Gods ; for I am glad.
No fruitful mother in a peasant's hut,
Scorning the childless great, thinks scorn of me,
Being such as I. Nay, let Queen Leto's self
Know, that a mortal queen has chanced to bear
As fair as she, and more."

Even as I spoke,
While the unholy pride flashed through my soul,
There pierced through the closed lattice one keen shaft
Of blinding sun, which on the opposite wall
Traced some mysterious sign, and on my mind
Such vague remorse and consciousness of ill,
That straightway all my pride was sunk and lost

In a great dread, nor could I longer bear
To look upon the fairness of my girls,
Who, seeing the vague trouble in my eyes,
Grew pale, and shuddered for no cause, and gazed
Chilled 'midst the blaze of sunlight.

Then I sought

To laugh my fears away, as one who feels
Some great transgression weigh on him, some load
Which will not be removed, but bears him down,
Though none else knows it, pressing on his heart.

But when the half unuttered thought grew dim
And my fear with it, suddenly a cry
Rose from the city street, and then the sound
Of measured hurrying feet, and looking forth
To where the youth had passed so late, in joy,
Came two who carried tenderly, with tears,
A boy's slight form. I had no need to look,

For all the mother rising in me knew
That 'twas my youngest born they bore ; I knew
What fate befell him—'twas the vengeful sun,
And I alone was guilty, I, his mother,
Who being filled with impious pride, had brought
Death to my innocent child. I hurried down
The marble stair and met them as they came,
And laid him down, and kissed his lips and called
His name, yet knew that he was dead ; and all
His brothers stood regarding us with tears,
And would have soothed me with their loving words
Me guilty, who were guiltless, oh, my sons !
Till as I looked up from the corpse,—a cry
Of agony,—and then another fell
Struggling for life upon the earth, and then
Another, and another, till the last
Of all my stalwart boys, my life, my pride,
Lay dead upon the field, and the fierce sun

Frenzied my brain, and all distraught with woe
I to the palace tottered, while they bore
Slowly the comely corpses of my sons.

That day I dare not think of when they lay,
White shrouded, in the darkened palace rooms,
Like sculptured statues on a marble hearse.
How calm they looked and happy, my dear sons !
There was no look of pain within their eyes,
The dear dead eyes which I their mother closed ;
Me miserable ! I saw the priests approach,
And ministers of death ; I saw my girls
Flung weeping on the brothers whom they loved.
I saw it all as in a dream. I know not
How often the dead night woke into day,
How often the hot day-time turned to night.
I did not shudder even to see the Sun
Which slew my sons ; but in the still, dead night,

When in that chill and lifeless place of death,
The cold, clear, cruel moonlight seemed to play
Upon the rangéd corpses, and to mock
My mother's heart, and throw on each a hue
Of swift corruption ere its time, I knew
Some secret terror lest the jealous gods
Might find some further dreadful vengeance still,
Taking what yet was left.

At set of sun

The sad procession to the place of graves
Went with the rites of royal sepulture,
The high priest at its head, the nobles round
The fair white shrouded corpses, last of all
I went, the guilty one, my fair sweet girls
Clinging to me in tears ; but I, I shed not
A single tear—grief dried the fount of tears,
I had shed all mine.

Only o'ermastering fear

Held me of what might come.

When they were laid,

Oh, wretched me, my dear, my well-loved sons !

Within the kingly tomb, the dying sun

Had set, and in his stead the rising moon.

Behind some lofty mountain-peak concealed,

Filled all with ghastly twilight. As we knelt,

The people all withdrawn a little space,

I and my daughters in that place of death,

I lifted up my suppliant voice, and they

With sweet girl voices pure, and soaring hymn,

To the great Powers above.

But when at last

I heard my hollow voice pleading alone

And all the others silent, then I looked,

And on the tomb the cold malignant moon,

Bursting with pale chill beams of light, revealed

My fair girls kneeling mute and motionless,

Their dead eyes turned to the unpitying orb,
Their white lips which should offer prayer no more.

Such vengeance wreaked Phœbus and Artemis
Upon a too proud mother. But on me
Who only sinned no other punishment
They took, only the innocent lives I loved—
If any punishment, indeed, were more
Than this to one who had welcomed death. I think
My children happier far in death than I
Who live to muse on these things. When my girls
Were buried, I, my lonely palace gate
Leaving without a tear, sped hither in haste
To this high rock of Sipylus where erst
My father held his court; and here, long years,
Summer and winter, stay I, day and night
Gazing towards the far-off plain of Thebes,
Wherein I was so happy of old time,

Wherein I sinned and suffered. Turned to stone
They thought me, and 'tis true the mother's heart
Which knows such grief as I knew, turns to stone,
And all her life ; and pitying Zeus, indeed,
Seeing my repentance, listened to my prayer
And left me seeming stone, but still the heart
Of the mother grows not hard, and year by year
When comes the summer with its cloudless skies,
And the high sun lights hill and plain by day,
And the moon, shining, silvers them by night,
My old grief, rising dew-like to my eyes,
Quickens my life with not unhappy tears,
And through my penitent and yearning heart
I feel once more the pulse of love and grief :
Love triumphing at last o'er Fate and Death,
Grief all divine and vindicating Love.

PICTURES--II.

A LURID sunset, red as blood,
Firing a sombre, haunted wood ;
And from the shadows, dark and fell,
One hurrying with the face of Hell.

Two at a banquet board alone,
In dalliance, the feast being done.
And one behind the arras stands,
Grasping an axe with quivering hands.

A high cliff-meadow lush with Spring ;
Gay butterflies upon the wing ;

Beneath, beyond, unbounded, free,
The foam-flecked, blue, pervading sea.

A clustering hill-town, climbing white
From the grey olives up the height,
And on the inland summits high
Thin waters spilt as from the sky.

A rain-swept moor at shut of day,
And by the dead unhappy way
A lonely child untended lies :
Against the West a wretch who flies.

Cold dawn, which flouts the abandoned hall
And one worn face, which loathes it all ;

In his ringed hand a vial, while
The grey lips wear a ghastly smile.

Corinthian pillars fine, which stand
In moonlight on a desert sand ;
Others o'erthrown, in whose dark shade
Some fire-eyed brute its lair has made.

Mountainous clouds embattled high
Around a dark blue lake of sky ;
And from its clear depths, shining far,
The calm eye of the evening star.

A moonlight chequered avenue ;
Above, a starlit glimpse of blue :
Amid the shadows spread between,
The grey ghost of a woman seen.

A NIGHT IN NAPLES.

THIS is the one night in all the year
When the faithful of Naples who love their priest
May find their faith and their wealth increased ;
For just as the stroke of midnight is here,

Those who with faithful undoubting mind
Their “Aves” mutter, their rosaries tell,
They without doubt shall a recompence find ;
Yea, their faith indeed shall profit them well.

Therefore, to-night, in the hot thronged street
By San Gennaro's, the people devout,
With banner, and relic, and thurible meet,
With some sacred image to marshal them out.

For a few days hence, the great lottery
Of the sinful city declared will be,
And it may be that Aves and Paters said
Will bring some aid from the realms of the dead.

And so to the terrible place of the tomb
They go forth, a pitiful crowd, through the gloom,
To where all the dead of the city decay,
Waiting the trump of the judgment day.

For every day of the circling year
Brings its own sum of corruption here ;
Every day has its great pit, fed
With the dreadful heap of the shroudless dead.

And behind a grated rust-eaten door,
Marked each with their fated month and day,
The young and the old, who in life were poor,
Fester together and rot away.

Silence is there, the silence of death,
And in silence those poor pilgrims wearily pace,
And the wretched throng, pitiful, holding its breath,
Comes with shuffling steps to the dreadful place.

Till before these dark portals, the silent crowd
Breaks at length into passionate suffrages loud,
Waiting the flickering vapour thin,
Bred of the dreadful corruption within.

And here is a mother who kneels, not in woe,
By the vault where her child was flung months ago ;
And there is a strong man who peers with dry eyes
At the mouth of the gulph where his dead wife lies.

Till at last, to reward them, a faint blue fire,
Like the ghost of a soul, flickers here or there
At the gate of a vault, on the noisome air,
And the wretched throng has its low desire ;

And with many a praise of the favouring saint,
And curses if any refuses to heed,
Full of low hopes and of sordid greed,
To the town they file backward, weary and faint.

And a few days hence, the great lottery
Of the sinful city declared will be,
And a number thus shewn to those sordid eyes,
May, the saints being willing, attain the prize.

Wherefore to Saint and Madonna be said,
All praise and laud, and the faithful dead.

* * * * *

It was long, long ago, in far-off Judæa,
That they slew Him of old, whom these slay to-day ;
They slew Him of old, in far-off Judæa,—
It is long, long ago ; it was far, far away !

LIFE.

LIKE to a star, or to a fire,
Which ever brighter grown, or higher,
Doth shine forth fixed, or doth aspire ;

Or to a glance, or to a sigh ;
Or to a low wind whispering by,
Which scarce has risen ere it die ;

Or to a bird, whose rapid flight
Eludes the dazed observer's sight,
Or a stray shaft of glancing light,

That breaks upon the gathered gloom
Which veils some monumental tomb ;
Or some sweet Spring flowers' fleeting bloom ;—

Mixed part of reason, part belief,
Of pain and pleasure, joy and grief,
As changeful as the Spring, and brief;—

A wave, a shadow, a breath, a strife,
With change on change for ever rife :—
This is the thing we know as life.

CRADLED IN MUSIC.

A BRIGHT young mother, day by day,
I meet upon the crowded way,
Who turns her dark eyes, deep and mild,
Upon her little sleeping child.

For on the organ laid asleep,
In childish slumbers light, yet deep,
Calmly the little infant lies ;
The long fair lashes veil its eyes.

There, o'er its childish slumbers sweet,
The winged hours pass with rapid feet ;
Far off the music seems to cheer
The child's accustomed drowsy ear.

Hymn tune and song tune, grave and gay,
Float round him all the joyous day ;
And, half remembered, faintly seem
To mingle with his happy dream.

Poor child, o'er whose head all day long
Our dull hours slip by, winged with song ;
Who sleeps for half the tuneful day,
And wakes 'neath loving looks to play ;

Whose innocent eyes unconscious see
Nothing but mirth in misery.
The mother smiles, the sister stands
Smiling, the tambour in her hands.

And with the time of hard-earned rest,
'Tis his to press that kindly breast ;
Nor dream of all the toil, the pain,
The weary round begun again,—

The fruitless work, the blow, the curse,
The hunger, the contempt, or worse ;
The laws despite, the vague alarms,
Which pass not those protecting arms.

Only, as yet, 'tis his to know
The bright young faces all aglow,
As down the child-encumbered street
The music stirs the lightsome feet.

Only to crow and smile, as yet.
Soon shall come clouds, and cold, and wet ;
And where the green leaves whisper now,
The mad East flinging sleet and snow.

And if to childhood he shall come—
Childhood that knows not hearth or home,—
Coarse words maybe, and looks of guile,
Shall chase away that constant smile.

Were it not better, child, than this,
The burden of full life to miss ;
And now, while yet the time is May,
Amid the music pass away,

And leave these tuneless strains of wrong
For the immortal ceaseless song ;
And change this vagrant life of earth
For the unchanged celestial birth ;

And see, within those opened skies,
A vision of thy mother's eyes ;
And hear those old strains, faint and dim,
Grown fine, within the eternal hymn ?

Nay, whatsoe'er our thought may deem,
Not that is better which may seem ;
'Twere better that thou camest to be,
If Fate so willed, in misery.

What shall be, shall be—that is all ;
To one great Will we stand and fall.
“ The Scheme hath need ”—we ask not why,
And in this faith we live and die.

ODATIS.

AN OLD LOVE-TALE.

CHARES of Mytilené, ages gone,
When the young Alexander's conquering star
Flamed on the wondering world, being indeed
The comrade of his arms, from the far East
Brought back this story of requited love.

A Prince there was of Media, next of blood
To the great King Hystaspes, fair of form
As brave of soul, who to his flower of age
Was come, but never yet had known the dart
Of Cypris, being but a soldier bold,
Too much by trenchèd camps and wars' alarms
Engrossed, to leave a thought for things of love.

Now, at this selfsame time, by Tanais
Omartes ruled, a just and puissant king.
No son was his, only one daughter fair,
Odatis, of whose beauty and whose worth
Fame filled the furthest East. Only as yet,
Of all the suitors for her hand, came none
Who touched her maiden heart ; but, fancy free,
She dwelt unwedded, lonely as a star.

Till one fair night in springtide, when the heart
Blossoms as does the earth, Cypris, the Queen,
Seeing that love is sweet for all to taste,
And pitying these loveless parted lives,
Deep in the sacred silence of the night,
From out the ivory gate sent down on them
A happy dream, so that the Prince had sight
Of fair Odatis in her diadem
And habit as she lived, and saw the charm

And treasure of her eyes, and knew her name
And country as it was ; while to the maid
There came a like fair vision of the Prince
Leading to fight the embattled Median hosts,
Young, comely, brave, clad in his panoply
And pride of war, so strong, so fair, so true,
That straight, the virgin coldness of her soul
Melted beneath the vision, as the snow
In springtime at the kisses of the sun.

And when they twain awoke to common day
From that blest dream, still on their tranced eyes
The selfsame vision lingered. He a form
Lovelier than all his life had known, more pure
And precious than all words ; she a strong soul
Yet tender, comely with the fire, the force
Of youthful manhood ; saw both night and day.

Nor ever from their mutual hearts the form
Of that celestial vision waned nor grew
Faint with the daily stress of common life,
As do our mortal phantasies, but still
He, while the fiery legions clashed and broke,
Saw one sweet face above the flash of spears ;
She in high palace pomps, or household tasks,
Or 'mid the glittering courtier-crowded halls
Saw one brave ardent gaze, one manly form.

Now while in dreams of love these lovers lived
Who never met in waking hours, who knew not
Whether with unrequited love they burned, or whether
In mutual yearnings blest ; the King Omartes,
Grown anxious for his only girl, and knowing
How blest it is to love, would bid her choose
Whom she would wed, and summoning the maid,
With fatherly counsels pressed on her ; but she :

“ Father, I am but young ; I prithee, ask not
That I should wed ; nay, rather let me live
My life within thy house. I cannot wed.
I can love only one, who is the Prince
Of Media, but I know not if indeed
His love is his to give, or if he know
My love for him ; only a heavenly vision,
Sent in the sacred silence of the night,
Revealed him to me as I know he is.
Wherefore, my father, though thy will be law,
Have pity on me ; let me love my love,
If not with recompense of love, alone ;
For I can love none else.”

Then the King said :

“ Daughter, to me thy happiness is life,
And more ; but now, I pray thee, let my words
Sink deep within thy mind. Thou canst not know
If this strange vision through the gate of truth ‘

Came or the gate of error. Oftentimes
The gods send strong delusions to ensnare
Too credulous hearts. Thou canst not know, in sooth,
If 'twas the Prince thou saw'st, or, were it he,
If love be his to give ; and if it were,
I could not bear to lose thee, for indeed
I have no son to take my place, or pour
Libations on my tomb, and shouldst thou wed
A stranger, and be exiled from thy home,
What were my life to me ? Nay, daughter, dream
No more, but with some chieftain of my realm
Prepare thyself to wed. With the new moon
A solemn banquet will I make, and bid
Whate'er of high descent and generous youth
Our country holds. There shalt thou make thy choice
Of whom thou wilt, nor will I seek to bind
Thy unfettered will ; only I fain would see thee
In happy wedlock bound, and feel the touch

Of childish hands again, and soothe my age
With sight of thy fair offspring round my knees.”

Then she, because she loved her sire and fain
Would do his will, left him without a word,
Obedient to his hest ; but day and night
The one unfading image of her dream
Filled all her longing sight, and day and night
The image of her Prince in all the pride
And bravery of battle shone on her.
Nor was there any strength in her to heal
The wound which love had made, by reasonings cold,
Or musing on the phantasies of love ;
But still the fierce dart of the goddess burned
Within her soul, as when a stricken deer
O'er hill and dale escaping bears with her
The barb within her side ; and oft alone
Within her secret chamber she would name

The name of him she loved, and oft by night,
When sleep had bound her fast, her pale lips formed
The syllables of his name. Through the long hours,
Waking or sleeping, were her thoughts on him ;
So that the unfilled yearning long deferred
Made her heart sick, and like her heart, her form
Wasted, her fair cheek paled, and from her eyes
Looked out the silent suffering of her soul.

Now, when the day drew near which brought the feast,
One of her slaves, who loved her, chanced to hear
Her sweet voice wandering in dreams, and caught
The Prince's name ; and, being full of grief
And pity for her pain, and fain to aid
The gentle girl she loved, made haste to send
A messenger to seek the Prince and tell him
How he was loved, and when the feast should be,
And how the King would have his daughter wed.

But to the Princess would she breathe no word
Of what was done, till, almost on the eve
Of the great feast, seeing her wan and pale
And all unhappy, falling at her knees,
She, with a prayer for pardon, told her all.

But when the Princess heard her, virgin shame—
Love drawing her and Pride of Maidenhood
In opposite ways till all distraught was she—
Flushed her pale cheek, and lit her languid gaze.
Yet since she knew that loving thought alone
Prompted the deed, being soft and pitiful,
She bade her have no fear, and though at first
Unwilling, by degrees a newborn hope
Chased all her shame away, and once again
A long unwonted rose upon her cheek
Bloomed, and a light long vanished fired her eyes.

Meanwhile upon the plains in glorious war
The brave Prince led his conquering hosts; but
still,
Amid the shock of battle and the crash
Of hostile spears, one vision filled his soul.
Amid the changes of the hard-fought day
Throughout the weary watches of the night,
The dream, the happy dream, returned again
Always the selfsame vision of a maid
Fairer than earthly, filled his eyes and took
The savour from the triumph, ay, and touched
The warrior's heart with an unwonted ruth,
So that he shrank as never yet before
From every day's monotony of blood,
And saw with unaccustomed pain the sum
Of death and woe, and hopeless shattered lives,
Because a softer influence touched his soul.

Till one night, on the day before the feast
Which King Omartes destined for his peers,
While now his legions swept their conquering way
A hundred leagues or more from Tanais,
There came the message from the slave, and he
Within his tent, after the well-fought day,
Resting with that fair image in his eyes,
Woke suddenly to know that he was loved.

Then, in a moment, putting from him sleep
And well-earned rest, he bade his charioteer
Yoke to his chariot three unbroken colts
Which lately o'er the endless Scythian plain
Careered, untamed ; and, through the sleeping camp,
Beneath the lucid aspect of the night,
He sped as speeds the wind. The great stars hung
Like lamps above the plain ; the great stars sank
And faded in the dawn ; the hot red sun

Leapt from the plain ; noon faded into eve ;
Again the same stars lit the lucid night ;
And still, with scarce a pause, those fierce hoofs dashed
Across the curved plain onward, till he saw
Far off the well-lit palace casements gleam
Wherein his love was set.

Then instantly

He checked his panting team, the rapid wheels
Ceased, and his mail and royal garb he hid
Beneath a rich robe such as nobles use
By Tanais ; and to the lighted hall
He passed alone, afoot, giving command
To him who drove, to await him at the gate.

Now, when the Prince drew near the vestibule,
The feast long time had sped, and all the guests
Had eaten and drunk their fill ; and he unseen,
Through the close throng of serving men and maids

Around the door, like some belated guest
To some obscurer station slipped, and took
The wine-cup with the rest, who marvelled not
To see him come, nor knew him ; only she
Who sent the message whispered him a word :
“ Have courage ; she is there, and cometh soon.
Be brave ; she loves thee only ; watch and wait.”

Even then the King Omartes, where he sate
On high among his nobles, gave command
To summon from her maiden chamber forth
The Princess. And obedient to the call,
Robed in pure white, clothed round with maiden shame,
Full of vague hope and tender yearning love,
To the high royal throne Odatis came.

And when the Prince beheld the maid, and saw
The wonder which so long had filled his soul—

His vision of the still night clothed with life
And breathing earthly air—and marked the heave
Of her white breast, and saw the tell-tale flush
Crimson her cheek with maiden modesty,
Scarce could his longing eager arms forbear
To clasp the virgin round, so fair she seemed.
But, being set far down from where the King
Sat high upon the daïs 'midst the crowd
Of eager emulous faces looking love,
None marked his passionate gaze, or stretched-forth hands;
Till came a pause, which hushed the deep-drawn sigh
Of admiration, as the jovial King,
Full tender of his girl, but flushed with wine,
Spake thus to her :

“ Daughter, to this high feast
Are bidden all the nobles of our land.
Now, therefore, since to wed is good, and life
To the unwedded woman seems a load

Which few may bear, and none desire, I prithee,
This jewelled chalice taking, mingle wine
As well thou knowest, and the honeyed draught
Give to some noble youth of those thou seest
Along the well-ranged tables, knowing well
That him to whom thou givest, thou shalt wed.
I fetter not thy choice, girl. I grow old ;
I have no son to share the weight of rule,
And fain would see thy children ere I die."

Then, with a kiss upon her blushing cheek,
He gave the maid the cup. The cressets' light
Fell on the jewelled chalice, which gave back
A thousand answering rays. Silent she stood
A moment, half in doubt, then down the file
Of close-ranked eager faces flushed with hope,
And eyes her beauty kindled more than wine,
Passed slow, a breathing statue. Her white robe

Among the purple and barbaric gold
Showed like the snowy plumage of a dove,
As down the hall, the cup within her hands,
She, now this way regarding and now that,
Passed, with a burning blush upon her cheek ;
And on each youthful noble her large eyes
Rested a moment only, icy cold,
Though many indeed were there, brave, fair to see,
Fit for a maiden's love ; but never at all
The one o'ermastering vision of her dream
Rose on her longing eyes, till hope itself
Grew faint, and, ere she gained the end, she turned
Sickening to where, along the opposite wall,
Sat other nobles young and brave as those,
But not the fated vision of her dream.

Meanwhile the Prince, who 'mid the close-set throng
Of humbler guests was hidden, saw her come

And turn ere she had marked him, and again
Down the long line of princely revellers
Pass slow as in a dream ; and all his soul
Grew sick with dread lest haply, seeing not
The one expected face, and being meek
And dutiful, and reverencing her sire,
She in despair might make some sudden choice
And leave him without love. And as she went
He could not choose but gaze, as oft in sleep
Some dreadful vision chains us that we fail
To speak or move, though to be still is death.
And once he feared that she had looked on him
And passed, and once he thought he saw her pause
By some tall comely youth ; and then she reached
The opposite end, and as she turned her face
And came toward him again and where the jars
Of sweet wine stood for mingling, with a bound
His heart went out to her ; for now her cheek

Pale as the white moon sailing through the sky,
And the dead hope within her eyes, and pain
And hardly conquered tears, made sure his soul,
Knowing that she was his.

But she, dear heart,
Being sick indeed with love, and in despair,
Yet reverencing her duty to her sire,
Turned half-distraught to fill the fated cup
And with it mar her life.

But as she stood
Alone within the vestibule and poured
The sweet wine forth, slow, trembling, blind with tears,
A voice beside her whispered, "Love, I am here!"
And looking round her, at her side she saw
A youthful mailèd form—the festal robe
Flung backward, and the face, the mouth, the eyes
Whereof the vision filled her night and day.

Then straight, without a word, with one deep sigh,
She held the wine-cup forth. He poured out first
Libation to the goddess, and the rest
Drained at a draught, and cast his arms round her,
And down the long-drawn sounding colonnade
Snatched her to where without, beneath the dawn,
The brave steeds waited and the charioteer.
His robe he round her threw ; they saw the flare
Of torches at the gate ; they heard the shouts
Of hot pursuit grow fainter ; till at last,
In solitude, across the rounding plain
They flew through waking day, until they came
To Media, and were wed. And soon her sire,
Knowing their love, consented, and they lived
Long happy lives ; such is the might of Love.

That is the tale the soldier from the East,
Chares of Mytilené, ages gone,

Told oftentimes at many a joyous feast
In Hellas ; and he said that all the folk
In Media loved it, and their painters limned
The story in the temples of their gods,
And in the stately palaces of kings,
Because they revered the might of Love.

IN WILD WALES.

I.

AT THE EISTEDDFOD.

THE close-ranked faces rise,
With their watching, eager eyes,
And the banners and the mottoes blaze above ;
And without, on either hand,
The eternal mountains stand,
And the salt sea river ebbs and flows again,
And through the thin-drawn bridge the wandering winds
complain.

Here is the Congress met,
The bardic senate set,
And young hearts flutter at the voice of fate ;

All the fair August day
Song echoes, harpers play,
And on the unaccustomed ear the strange
Penillion rise and fall through change and counter-change

Oh Mona, land of song !
Oh mother of Wales ! how long
From thy dear shores an exile have I been !
Still from thy lonely plains,
Ascend the old sweet strains,
And at the mine, or plough, or humble home,
The dreaming peasant hears diviner music come.

This innocent, peaceful strife,
This struggle to fuller life,
Is still the one delight of Cymric souls—
Swell, blended rhythms ! still
The gay pavilions fill.

Soar, oh young voices, resonant and fair ;
Still let the sheathed sword gleam above the bardic chair.

* * * * *

The Menai ebbs and flows,
And the song-tide wanes and goes,
And the singers and the harp-players are dumb ;
The eternal mountains rise
Like a cloud upon the skies,

And my heart is full of joy for the songs that are still,
The deep sea and the soaring hills, and the steadfast
Omnipotent Will.

II.

AT THE MEETING FIELD.

HERE is the complement of what I saw

When late I sojourned in the halls of song,
The greater stronger Force, the higher Law,
Of those which carry Cymric souls along.

No dim Cathedral's fretted aisles were there,

No gay pavilion fair, with banners hung :
The eloquent pleading voice, the deep hymns sung,
The bright sun, and the clear unfettered air,

These were the only ritual, this the fane,

A poor fane doubtless and a feeble rite
For those who find religion in dim light,
Strange vestments, incensed air, and blazoned pane.

But the rapt crowd, the reverent mute throng,
When the vast listening semi-circle round,
Rang to the old man's voice serenely strong,
Or swept along in stormy bursts of sound.

Where found we these in temples made with hands ?
Where the low moan which marks the awakened soul ?
Where, this rude eloquence whose strong waves roll
Deep waters, swift to bear their Lord's commands ?

Where found we these ? 'neath what high fretted dome ?
I know not. I have knelt 'neath many, yet
Have heard few words so rapt and burning come,
Nor marked so many eyes divinely wet,

As here I knew—"What will you do, oh friends,
When life ebbs fast and the dim light is low,
When sunk in gloom the day of pleasure ends,
And the night cometh, and your being runs slow,

And nought is left you of your revelries,

Your drunken days, your wantonness, your ill—

And lo ! the last dawn rises cold and chill,

And lo ! the lightning of All-seeing eyes,

What will you do? ” And when the low voice ceased,

And from the gathered thousands surged the hymn,

Some strong power choked my voice, my eyes grew dim,

I knew that old man eloquent, a priest.

There is a consecration not of man,

Nor given by laid-on hands nor acted rite,

A priesthood fixed since the firm earth began,

A dedication to the eye of Light,

And this is of them. What the form of creed

I care not, hardly the fair tongue I know,

But this I know that when the concourse freed

From that strong influence, went sedate and slow,

I thought when on the Galilean shore

By the Great Priest the multitudes were led,

The bread of life, miraculously more,

Sufficed for all who came, and they were fed.

SUFFRAGES.

“SURELY,” said a voice, “O Lord, Thy judgments
Are dreadful and hard to understand.

Thy laws which Thou madest, they withstand Thee,
They stand against Thee and Thy command :

Thy poor, they are with us evermore ;

They suffer terrible things and sore ;

They are starved, they are sick, they die,

And there is none to help or heed ;

They come with a great and bitter cry

They hardly dare to whisper, as they plead ;

- And there is none to hear them, God or man ;

And it is little indeed that all our pity can.

What, and shall I be moved to tears,

As I sit in this still chamber here alone,
By the pity of it,—the childish lives that groan,
The miseries and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears
Of this wonderful legend of life, that is one and the same
Though it differ in weal and in happiness, honour and
fame,—
Shall I turn, who am no more than a worm, to Thee,
From the pity of it—the want, the misery,
And with strong yearnings beat, and rebellions wild,
Seeing death written, and pain, in the face of a child ;—
And yet art Thou unmoved !
Ah, Lord, if Thou sawest surely!—and yet Thou dost see ;
And if Thou knewest indeed !—and yet all things are
clear to Thee.

For, Lord, of a truth Thy great ones,
Who have not their wealth of their own desert,
Live ever equal lives and sure,

And are never vexed nor suffer hurt,
But through long untroubled years endure
Until they join Thee, and are in bliss ;
Or, maybe, are carried away from Thee, and miss
Thy Face, which is too pure for them to see,
And are thenceforth in misery :
But, nevertheless, upon the earth
They come to neither sorrow nor dearth.
They are great, and they live out their lives, and Thou
 lettest them be ;
Thou dost not punish them here, if they despise
Thy poor and pass them by with averted eyes.
They are strong and mighty, and never in danger to fall ;
But Thou, Lord, art mighty and canst, and yet carest
 not at all.

But wherefore is it that such things are ;—
That want and famine, and blood and war

Are everywhere, and do prevail?
And wherefore is it the same monotonous tale
Is ever told by the lips of men?
For there is hardly so hard a heart
In the breast of a man who has taken his part
In the world, and has little children around his knees,
But is filled with great love for them as Thou art for these,
And would give his life for their good, and is filled day
and night
With fatherly thoughts of fear and yearning for right,
And grows sick, if evil come nigh them body or soul,
And yet is but a feeble thing, without strength or control.
But Thou art almighty for good; yet Thy plagues, they
come,
Hunger and want and disease, in a terrible sum;
And the poor fathers waste, and are stricken with slow
decay;
And the children fall sick, and are starving, day after day;

And the hospital wards are choked ; and the fire and the
flood

Vex men still, and the leaguered cities are bathed in blood.

Ay, yet not the less, O Lord,

I know Thou art just and art good indeed.

This is it that doth perplex my thought,

So that I rest not content in any creed.

If I knew that Thou wert the Lord of Ill,

Then were I untouched still,

And, if I would, might worship at Thy shrine ;

Or if my mind might prove no Will Divine

Inspired the dull mechanical reign of Law.

But now, while Thou art surely, and art good,

And wouldst Thy creatures have in happiness,

- Always the sword, the plague prevail no less,

Not less, not less Thy laws are based in blood.

And such deep inequalities of lot

Confuse our thought, as if Thy hand were not.

All blessings, health and wealth and honours spent
On some unworthy sordid instrument ;
Thy highest gift of genius flung away
On some vile thing of meanest clay,
Who fouls the ingrate lips, touched with Thy fire,
With worse than common mire :
How should I fail alone, when all things groan,
To let my weak voice take a pleading tone !
How should I speak a comfortable word
When such things are, O Lord !”

This is the cry that goes up for ever
To Heaven from weak and striving souls :
But the calm Voice makes answer to them never ;
The undelaying chariot onward rolls.

But another voice : “ O Lord of all, I bless Thee,
I bless Thee and give thanks for all.

Thou hast kept me from my childhood up,
Thou hast not let me fall.
All the fair days of my youth
Thou wast beside, me and Thy truth.
I bless Thee that Thou didst withhold
The blight of fame, the curse of gold ;
Because Thou hast spared my soul as yet,
Amid the wholesome toil of each swift day,
The tumult and the fret
Which carry worldly lives from Thee away.
I thank Thee for the sorrows Thou hast sent,
Being in all things content
To see in every loss a greater gain,
A joy in every pain ;
The losses I have known, since still I know
Lives, hidden with Thee, are and grow.
I do not know, I cannot tell,
How it may be, yet death and pain are well :

I know that Thou art good and mild,
Though sickness take and break the helpless child ;
'Twas Thou, none else, that gav'st the mother's love,
And even her anguish came from Thee above.

I am content to be that which Thou wilt :
Tho' humble be my pathway and obscure,
Yet from all stain of guilt
Keep Thou me pure.

Or if Thy evil still awhile must find
Its seat within my mind,
Be it as Thou wilt, I am not afraid.

And for the world Thy hand has made,
Thy beautiful world, so wondrous fair :
Thy mysteries of dawn, Thy cloudless days ;
Thy mountains, soaring high through Thy pure air ;
Thy glittering sea, sounding perpetual praise ;
Thy starlit skies, whence worlds unnumbered gaze ;

Thy earth, which in Thy bounteous summer-tide
Is clad in flowery robes and glorified ;
Thy still primeval forests, deeply stirred
By Thy great winds as by an unknown word ;
Thy fair, light-wingèd creatures, blithe and free ;
Thy dear brutes living, dying, silently :
Shall I from them no voice to praise Thee find ?
Thy praise is hymned by every balmy wind
That wanders o'er a wilderness of flowers ;
By every happy brute which asks not why,
But rears its brood and is content to die.
From Thee has come whatever good is ours ;—
The gift of love that doth exalt the race ;
The gift of childhood with its nameless grace ;
The gift of age which slow through ripe decay,
Like some fair fading sunset dies away ;
The gift of homes happy with honest wealth,
And fair lives flowering in unbroken health,—

All these are Thine, and the good gifts of brain,
Which to heights greater than the earth can gain,
And can our little minds project to Thee,
Through Infinite Space—across Eternity.
For these I praise Thy name ; but above all
The precious gifts Thy bounteous hand lets fall.
I praise Thee for the power to love the Right,
Though Wrong awhile show fairer to the sight ;
The power to sin, the dreadful power to choose
The evil portion and the good refuse ;
And last, when all the power of ill is spent,
The power to seek Thy face and to repent.”

This is the answering cry that goes for ever
To Heaven from blest contented souls :
But the calm Voice makes answer to them never ;
The undelaying chariot onward rolls.

LOOK OUT, O LOVE.

Look out, O Love, across the sea :
A soft breeze fans the summer night,
The low waves murmur lovingly,
And lo ! the fitful beacon's light.

Some day perchance, when I am gone,
And muse by far-off tropic seas,
You may be gazing here alone,
On starlit waves and skies like these.

Or perhaps together, you and I,
Alone, enwrapt, no others by,
Shall watch again that fitful flame,
And know that we are not the same.

Or maybe we shall come no more,
But from some unreturning shore,
In dreams shall see that light again,
And hear that starlit sea complain.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

CHRISTOPHER ! There is many a name of Time
Higher than this in pride and empery ;
There is a name which like a diadem
Sits on the imperial front, so that men still
Bow down to Cæsar ;—deathless names enough
Of bard and sage, soldier and king, which seize
Our thought, and in one moment bear us forth
Across the immemorial centuries
To Time's first dawns—a bright band set on high,
Who watch the surging of the restless sea
Whose waves are generations. Yet not one
More strange and quaint and sweet than Christopher's
Who bare the Christ.

In the expiring days
Of the old heathen ages lived the man
Who bore it first. The elder Pagan gods
Were paling now, and from the darkling groves
And hollow aisles of their resounding fanes
The thin shapes fled for ever. A new God
Awoke the souls of men ; and yet the shrines
Of Aphrodité and of Phœbus still
Drew their own votaries. The flower of faith,
Plucked from its roots, and thrown aside to die,
Is slow to wither, keeping some thin ghost
And counterfeit of fairness, though the life
Has fled for ever, and 'twas a dead thing
To which the Pagan bowed.

In the far East
He served, a soldier. Nature, which so oft
Is grudging of her blessings—mating now
The sluggish brain and stalwart form, and now

Upon the cripple's limbs setting the crown
Of godlike wisdom—gave with generous hand
Beauty and force to this one, mighty limbs
And giant strength, joined with the choicer gift
Of thoughts which soar, and will which dares, and high
Ambition which aspires and is fulfilled
In riches and in honour.

Every year

Of prosperous manhood left him greater grown
And mightier. Evermore the siren voice
Of high adventure called o'er land and sea ;
The magical voice, heard but by nobler souls,
Which dulls all lower music. More than king
This great knight-errant showed ; a king of men
Who still before his strong eyes day and night
Saw power shining star-like on the hills,
And set his face to gain it. Luxury
Held him nor sensual ease who was too great

For silken fetters, a strong soul and hand
Bent to a higher end than theirs, and touched
To higher issues ; a fair beacon set
Upon a lordly hill above the marsh
Of common life, but all the more laid bare
To the beating of the whirlwind.

Every soul

Knows its particular weakness : so for him
This great strong soul set in its pride of place ;
The charm of Power worked like a spell ; high power
Unchecked, untrammelled, fixed with none to rule
Above it, this could bend the nobler soul
Which naught might conquer. Over land and sea,
Hiring his mighty arm and strength, he fared
To sovereign after sovereign, always seeking
A stronger than the last : until at length
He found a puissant prince, so high, so great,
The strong sway held him, and he lived content

A sleeping soul, not knowing good or ill,
Resting in act, and with it satisfied—
A careless striving soul who sought no more.

But midst the miry ways of this sad world,
As now he fared unmoved, the frequent sight
Of evil ; the blind rage which takes and sways
The warrior after battle till he quench
His thirst in blood and torture ; the great pain
Which everywhere cries heavenward, every day
With unregarded suffrage ; the foul wrongs
Which are done on earth for ever ; the dark sins
Sinned and yet unrequited ; the great sum
And mystery of Evil, worked on him
Not to allure, not to repel, but only
With that strange spell of power which knows to take
The strong soul captive. Here was power enough,
Mightier than mortal strength. The greatest king

Whom ever he had served compared with this
Showed puny as a child ; this power which took
The mightiest in chains, now forcing them
To wrong and blood and ill, now binding them
With adamant chains within the sensual sty
Where they lay bound for ever. Here was force
To limit Heaven itself. So this strong soul
Bowed to it, taking Evil for his lord,
A voluntary thrall. Yet not to him
The smooth foul ways of sense, the paths of wrong,
Brought pleasure of themselves ; only to know
The unrestrained passion surge, a beat
Of satisfied life, the glory and the glow
Of full untempered being. And so long time
He served the Lord of Evil : deeds of wrong
And anger, deeds of soft and sensual sin,
All these he knew, a careless satisfied soul,
So that for dread of him men named his name

“The unrighteous;” but he cared not : power and fame
Sufficed him long, and hid from him the fashion
Of his own life and by what perilous ways
He walked, and by what fathomless black seas,
Abysmal deeps, and treacherous gulphs of Ill.

Till one day as they wandered (so the tale)
Through a thick wood whence came no gleam of light
To break the ghostly shadows —with amaze
He saw his master the great Lord of Ill
Cower down as from a blow and hide his eyes
From some white ghostly figure. As he gazed
The old chains fell from him, and with a glance
He rose up free for ever. For his soul
Met that great symbol of all sacrifice
Which men have worshipped since ; the soft sad eyes,
The agonised limbs nailed to the Tree of Death
Which is the Tree of Life ; and all the past

Fell from him, and the mystery of Love
And Death and Evil ; Might which gives itself
To liberate the world and dying breaks
The vanquished strength of Hell ; all these transformed
His very being, and straightway the strong soul,
Spurning his ancient chain, stood fair and free
Alone, a moment with the scars of gyves
Upon his neck and limbs, and then fell down
Prostrate upon the earth, the mild eyes still
Bent on him pitiful. There he lay stretched
Through the long night of sorrow, till at last
The sun rose on his soul, and on the earth,
And the pure dawn returning brought the day.

And when he rose the ancient mastery
And thirst for power, springing anew in him,
Once more, resistless, over land and sea
Impelled him, seeking this new mightier Lord

Who broke the power of Ill. So through all lands
He passed, a passionate pilgrim, but found not
The Prince he sought, only great princes, strong
And valorous he found, who bowed them down
Before the power of Evil ; but for them
He took no thought, who had seen their master blench
Before the Lord of Light ; but him indeed
He saw not yet ; filled with the pride of life,
A satisfied soul which bowed not down to wrong,
Touched with desire for good, since good was strong,
But loving strength alone.

So as he fared

He came upon a dark and stony land
Where smiled no flower ; there, in a humble cell,
There dwelt an aged man ; no other thing
Of life was there, only wan age, which dwelt
Upon the brink of death. The giant strength
Was flagging now, while on the distant hills

The sun was sinking and the gray of night
Stole upward. Through the plain beneath the cell
A broad black river raged, where was no bridge
For travellers ; but a dark road stole to it
O'ergloomed by cypress, and no boat was there
Nor ferry, evermore beyond the shade
Breast-high the strong stream roared by black as
death.

There sate he on the brink and saw no soul
As he gazed on the stream of death. Great misery
And weakness took him, and he laid him down
On that cold strand. Till, when his heart beat slow
And his life drooped, lo ! on the further shore
The sunset, lingering for a moment, fired
A thousand palace windows and the spires
And domes of a fair city ; then the night
Fell downward on them, but the unconquered soul

Within the failing body leaped and knew
That it had seen the city of the King.

Then swooned he for awhile, and when he knew
His life again he heard a reverend voice
Speak through the gloom. And all the sun had set
And all the hills were hidden.

“Son, thou com’st
To seek the Lord of Life. There is no way
But through yon cruel river. Thou wert strong;
Take rest and thought till thy strength come to thee.
Arise, the dawn is near.”

Then they twain went,
And there that sick soul rested many days.

And when the strong man’s strength was come again,
His old guide led him forth to where the road
Sank in that black swift stream. The hills were dark,

There was no city to see, nought but thick cloud,
And still that black flood roaring. Then he heard
The old voice whisper, "Not of strength alone
Come they who find the Master, but cast down
And weak and wandering. Oftentimes with feet
Wayworn and weary limbs, they come and pass
The deeps and are transformed ; but he who comes
Of his own strength from him long time the King
Hides him as erst from thee. Yet, because strength
Well used is a good gift, I bid thee plunge
In yon cold stream, and seek to wash from thee
The stains of life. No harm shall come to thee,
Nor in those chill dark waters shall thy feet
Slip, nor thy life be swallowed. It is thine
To bear in thy strong arms the fainting souls
Of pilgrims who press onward day and night
Seeking the Lord of Light. Thou, who so long
Didst serve the Lord of Evil, now shalt serve

A higher ; and because great penances
Are fitting for great wrong, here shalt thou toil
Long time till haply thou shalt lose the stain
Of sense and of the world, then shall thy eyes
See that thou wouldst.

Go suffer and be strong."

Then that strong soul, treading those stony ways,
Went down into the waters. Painful souls
Cried to him from the brink ; sad lives, which now
Had reached their toilsome close ; worn wayfarers,
Who after lifelong strivings and great pain
And buffetings had gained the perilous stream
With heaven beyond ; wan age and budding youth
And childhood fallen untimely. He stooped down
With wonder mixed with pity, raising up
The weakling limbs, and bearing in his arms
The heavy burden, through the chill dark depths

Of those cold swirling waters without fear
Strode onward. Oftentimes the dreadful force
Of that resistless current, which had whelmed
A lower soul, bore on him ; oftentimes
The icy cold, too great for feebler hearts,
Assailed him, yet his mighty stature still
Strode upright through the deep to the far shore,
And those poor pilgrims with reviving souls
Blessed him, and left the waters and grew white
And glorified, and in their eyes he knew
A wonder and a rapture as they saw
The palace of the King, the domes, the spires,
The shining oriels sunlit into gold,
The white forms on the brink to welcome them,
And the clear heights, and the discovered heaven.

But never on his eyes for all his toil
That bright sun broke, nor those fair palace roofs

As erst upon his weakness. Day and night
The selfsame cloud hung heavy on the hills,
Blotting the glorious vision. Day and night
He laboured unrewarded, with no gleam
Of that eternal glory, which yet shone
Upon those fainting souls, whom his strong arms
Bore upward. Day and night he laboured still,
Amid the depths of death. Ay, he would rise
At midnight, when the cry of fainting souls
Called to him on the brink, and so go down
Without one thought of fear. Yea, though the floods
Roared horribly, and deep called unto deep,
Through all those hidden depths he strode unmoved,
A strong, laborious, unrewarded soul.

Was it because the stain and blot of wrong
Were on him still uncleansed? I cannot tell.
The stain of ill eats deep, and nought can cleanse it,

Nay hardly tears of blood. But to my thought
Not thus the legend runs ; rather I deem
That what of good he loved was only strength,
The pride of conscious Power—that which had led him
To strong rude wrong, the same sense, working on him,
Led him through weariness of wrong to use
His strength for goodness. Oftentimes Remorse
Comes not of hatred of the wrong, nor love
Of the good, but rather from the shame which Pride
Knows which has gone astray and spent itself
Upon unworthy ends. So this strong soul
Laboured on unfulfilled. Yet who shall trace
By what hidden processes of waste and pain
The great Will is fulfilled, and doth achieve
The victory of Good ?

So the slow years
Passed, till the giant strength at times would flag
A little, yet no feebleness was there,

But still the strong limbs carried him unmoved
Through those black depths of death. Tili one still
night,

At midnight when the world was sunk in sleep,
The summons came, "A Pilgrim!" and he saw
With a new-born compassion, on the shore
A childish form await him; a soft smile
Was on the lips, a sweet sad glance divine
Within the eyes, as in a child's eyes oft
Knowledge not earthly, infinite weakness, strive
For mastery. As the strong man stooped and took
The weakling to his breast, through the great might
Of Pity, grown to strength, he took the deep
With that light load in his arms.

But as he went,
The strength greater than human, the strong limbs
Which bore long time unfaltering the great pain
And burden of our life; the fearless heart

Which never blenched before, though the winds beat
And all the night was blind ; these failed him now,
And as by some o'erwhelming load dragged down,
His flagging footsteps tottered ; the cold wave
Rose higher around him, the once mighty head
Bowed-down, the waters rising to his lip
Engulfed in the depths ; the weight of all the earth
Seemed on his shoulders—all the sorrow, the sin,
The burden of the Race—and a great cry
Came from him, " Help ! I sink, I faint, I die,
I perish beneath my burden ! Help, O King
Of Heaven, for I am spent and can no more !
My strength is gone, the waters cover me,
I stand not of myself. Help, Lord and King ! "

Then suddenly from his spent life he felt
The great load taken ; through the midnight gloom
There burst the glorious vision of his dream—

The palace of the King, the domes, the spires,
The shining oriels sunlit into gold,
The heaven of heavens discovered ; then a voice,
“ Rise, Christopher ! thou hast found thy King, and
turn

Back to the earth, for I have need of thee.
Thou hast sustained the whole world, bearing me
The Lord of Earth and Heaven. Rise, turn awhile
To the old shore of Time ; I am the Prince
Thou seekest ; I a little child, the King
Of Earth and Heaven. I have marked thy toils,
Labours, and sorrows ; I have seen thy sins,
Thy tears, and thy repentance. Rise and be
My servant always. And if thou shalt seek
A sign of me, I give this sign to thee :
Set thou thy staff to-night upon the verge
Of these dark waters, and with early dawn
Seek it, and thou shalt find it blossomed forth

Into such sweet white blooms as year by year
The resurrection of the springtide brings
To clothe the waste of winter. This shall be
The sign of what has been."

And that strong soul,

Vanquished at length, obeyed, and with the dawn
Where stood his staff there sprung the perfumed cup
And petals of a lily : so the tale.
Nay, but it was the rude strength of his soul
Which blossomed into purity, and sprang
Into a higher self, beneath the gaze
Of a little child ! Nay, but it was the might
Of too great strength, which laid its robes of pride
Down on the ground, and stood, naked, erect,
Before its Lord, shamefast yet beautiful !
Nay, but it was the old self, stripped and purged
Of ingrained wrong, which from the stream of Death

Stood painful on the stable earth again,
And was regenerate through humility !

So for the remnant of his days he served
The Lord of Goodness ; a strong staff of right
Yet humble. Till the Pagan Governor
Bade him deny the Prince who succoured him,
And he refusing, gained a martyr's crown
In cruel death, and is Saint Christopher !

PICTURES—III.

THE sad slow dawn of winter ; frozen trees
And trampled snow within a lonely wood ;
One shrouded form, which to the city flees ;
And one, a masquer, lying in his blood.

A full sun blazing with unclouded day,
Till the bright waters mingle with the sky ;
And on the dazzling verge, uplifted high,
White sails mysterious slowly pass away.

Hidden in a trackless and primæval wood,
Long-buried temples of an unknown race,
And one colossal idol ; on its face
A changeless sneer, blighting the solitude.

A fair girl half undraped, who blithely sings ;
Her white robe poised upon one budding breast ;
While at her side, invisible, unconfessed,
Love folds her with the shelter of his wings.

Black clouds embattled on a lurid sky,
And one keen flash, like an awakened soul,
Piercing the hidden depths, till momentarily
One seems to hear enormous thunders roll.

Two helpless girls upon a blazing wall,
The keen flames leaping always high and higher ;
But faster, faster than the hungry fire,
Brave hearts which climb to save them ere they fall.

A youthful martyr, looking to the skies
From rack and stake, from torment and disgrace ;
And suddenly heaven opened to his eyes,
A beckoning hand, a tender heavenly face.

A home on a fair English hill ; away
Stretch undulating plains, of gold and green,
With park and lake and glade, and homestead grey ;
And crowning all, the blue sea dimly seen.

A lifeless, voiceless, world of age-long snow,
Where the long winter creeps through endless night,
And safe within a low hut's speck of light,
Strong souls alert and hopeful, by the glow.

A great ship forging slowly from the shore,
And on the broad deck weeping figures bent ;
And on the gliding pierhead, sorrow-spent,
Those whom the voyagers shall see no more.

CONFESSION.

Who is there but at times has seen,
While his past days before him stand,
In all the chances which have been,
The guidance of a hidden Hand,

Which still has ruled his growing life,
Through weal and woe, through joy and pain,
Through fancied good, through useless strife,
And empty pleasure sought in vain ;

Which often has withheld the meed
He longed for once, with yearnings blind,
And given the truest prize indeed,
The harvest of a blessed mind ;

And so has taken the common lot
Content, whate'er the Ruler would,
Since all that has been, or is not,
Springs from a hidden root of good ?

* * * *

Yet some there are maybe to-day,
Whose childhood at the mother's knee
Was taught to bow itself and pray,
Nor ever thirsted to be free,

Who now, 'mid warring voices loud,
Have lost the faith they held before,
Nor through the jangling of the crowd
Can hear the earlier message more.

A brute Fate vexes them, the reign
Of dumb laws, speeding onward still,
Regardless of the waste and pain,
Which all the labouring earth do fill.

They look to see the rule of Right ;
They find it not, and in its stead
But slow survivals, born of Might,
And all the early Godhead dead ;

They see it not, and droop and faint
And are unhappy, doubting God ;
Yet every step their feet have trod
Was trodden before them by a saint.

* * * *

Oh, doubting soul, look up, behold
The eternal heavens above thy head,
The solid earth beneath, its mould
Compacted of the unnumbered dead.

Here the eternal problems grow,
And with each day are solved and done,
When some spent life, like melting snow,
Breathes forth its essence to the sun.

As death is, life is—without end ;
Wrong with right mingles, joy with pain ;
Forbid two meeting streams to blend,
’Twere not more hopeless, nor more vain.

Though Death with Life, though Wrong with Right,
Are bound within the scheme of things,
Yet can our souls, on soaring wings,
Gain to a loftier purer height,

Where death is not, nor any life,
Nor right nor wrong, nor joy nor pain ;
But changeless Being, lacking strife,
Doth through all change, unchanged remain.

Should Wrong prevail o’er all the earth,
’Twere nought if only we discern
The one great truth, which if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.

That Right, is that which must prevail,
If not here, there, if not now, then,
Is the one Truth which shall not fail,
For all the doubt and fears of men.

What if a myriad ages still
Of wrong and pain, of waste and blood,
Confuse our thought, triumphant Good
At length, at last, our souls can fill

With such assurance as the Voice
Which from the blazing mountain pealed,
And bade the kneeling hosts rejoice
That God was in His laws revealed.

Nay even might our thought conceive
The final victory of Ill,
Not so, were it folly to believe
That Right is higher, purer still.

Who knows the Eternal "Ought" knows well
That whoso loves and seeks the Right,
For him God shines with changeless light,
Ay, to the lowest deeps of Hell.

And whoso knoweth God indeed,
The fixed foundations of his creed
Know neither changing nor decay,
Though all creation pass away.

LOVE UNCHANGED.

My love, my love, if I were old,
My body bent, my blood grown cold,
With thin white hairs upon my brow,
Say wouldst thou think of me as now ?
Wouldst thou cling to me still,
As down life's sloping hill
We came at last through the unresting years ?
Art thou prepared for tears,
For time's sure-coming losses,
For life's despites and crosses,
My love, my love ?

Ah ! brief our little, little day ;
Ah ! years that fleet so fast away ;

Before our summer scarce begun,
Look, spring and blossom-tide are done !
When all things hasten past,
How should love only last ?
How should our souls alone unchanged remain ?
Come pleasure or come pain,
In days of joy and gladness,
In years of grief and sadness,
Love shall be love !

AT THE END.

WHEN the five gateways of the soul
Are closing one by one,
When our being's currents slowly roll
And life nigh done,
What shall our chiefest comfort be
Amid this misery ?

Not to have stores heaped up on high
Of gold and precious things,
Not to have flown from sky to sky
On Fame's wide wings,—
All these things for a space do last,
And then are overpast.

Nor to have worked with patient brain
In senate or in mart,
To have gained the meed which those attain
Who have played their part,—
Effort is fair, success is sweet,
But leave life incomplete.

Nor to have said, as the fool said,
“Be merry, soul, rejoice ;
“Thou hast laid up store for many days.”
Oh, foolish voice !
Already at thy gate the feet
Of the corpse-bearers meet.

Nor to have heaped up precious store
Of all the gains of time,
Of long-dead sages' treasured lore,
Or deathless rhyme,—

Learning's a sweet and comely maid,
But Death makes her afraid.

Nor to have drained the cup of youth,
To the sweet maddening lees ;
Nor, rapt by dreams of Hidden Truth,
To have spurned all these ;—
Pleasure, Denial, touch not him
Whose body and mind are dim.

Not one of all these things shall I
For comfort use, or strength,
When the sure hour, when I shall die,
Takes me at length ;
One thought alone shall bring redress
For that great heaviness :—

That I have held each struggling soul
As of one kin and blood,
That one sure link doth all control
To one close brotherhood ;
For who the race of men doth love,
Loves also Him above.

TWO BRETON POEMS.

I.

THE FOSTER BROTHER.

OF all the noble damsels, in all our Brittany,
Gwennola was the sweetest far, a maiden fair to see.

Scarce eighteen summers shed their gold upon her
shapely head,
Yet all who loved the fair girl best were numbered with
the dead—

Her father and her mother, and eke her sisters dear.
Ah ! Mary, pity 'twas to see her shed the bitter tear

At her casement in the castle, where a step-dame now
bare sway,
Her dim eyes fixed upon the sea, which glimmered far
away.

* * * * *

For three long years she watched in vain, in dole and
misery,

To see her foster brother's sail spring up from over sea ;

For three long years she watched in vain, hoping each
day would send

The only heart which beat to hers, her lover and her
friend.

“Go, get you gone and tend the kine,” the cruel step-
dame said ;

“Leave brooding over long-past years : go, earn your
daily bread.”

She woke her, ere the darkling dawns, while yet 'twas
dead of night,

To sweep the floors and cleanse the house, and set the
fires alight ;

To fetch the water from the brook, again and yet again,
With heavy toil and panting breath, and young form bent
in twain.



One darkling winter morning, before the dawning light,
With ringing hoofs, across the brook there rode a noble
knight :

“Good morrow, gracious maiden, and art thou free to
wed?”

And she, so young she was and meek, “I know not, sir,”
she said.

“ I prithee tell me, maiden, if thou art fancy-free ? ”

“ To none, sir, have I plighted yet my maiden troth,”
said she.

“ Then take, fair maid, this ring of gold, and to your
step-dame say,
That to-day your troth is plighted to a knight from far
away ;

“ That at Nantes a battle fierce was fought, wherein his
squire was slain,
And he himself lies stricken sore upon his bed of pain ;

“ But when three weeks are overpast, whatever fate betide,
He will come himself full gaily, and claim thee for his
bride.”

All breathless ran she homeward, when, lo, a wondrous
thing !

For on her slender finger blazed her foster brother's ring.

II.

The weeks crept onward slowly, crept slowly—one, two,
three ;

But never came the young knight, no never more came he.

“ Come, it is time that you were wed, for I have sought
for you

A bridegroom fitted to your rank, an honest man and
true.”

“ Nay, nay, I prithee, step-dame, there is none that I can
wed,

Only my foster brother dear I love, alive or dead.

“ With this ring his troth he plighted, and whatever fate
betide,

He will come himself full gaily, and claim me for his
bride.”

“Peace, with thy golden wedding-ring ! peace, fool, or I
will teach

With blows thy senseless chattering tongue to hold dis-
creeter speech ;

“To-morrow thou shalt be the bride, whether thou wilt
or not,

Of Giles the neat-herd, honest man : ay, this shall be thy
lot.”

“Of Giles the neat-herd, saidst thou? oh, I shall die of
pain !

Oh mother, dear dead mother, that thou wert in life
again !”

“Go, cry and wail without the house ; go, feed on misery ;
Go, take thy fill of moans and tears, for wedded thou
shalt be.”

III.

Just then the ancient sexton, with the bell that tolls the
dead,

Went up and down the country side, and these the words
he said :—

“ Pray for the soul of one who was a brave and loyal
knight,

Who bare at Nantes a grievous hurt, what time they
fought the fight :

“ To-morrow eve, at set of sun, amid the gathering gloom,
From the white church they bear him forth, to rest within
the tomb.”

IV.

“Thou art early from the wedding feast!” “Good truth,

I could not stay ;

I dared not see the piteous sight, and therefore turned
away ;

I could not bear the pity and the horror in her eyne,
As she stood so fair, in blank despair, within the sacred
shrine.

“Around the hapless maiden, all were weeping bitterly,
And the good old rector at the church, a heavy heart
had he ;

“Not a dry eye was around her, save the step-dame stern
alone,
Who looked on with an evil smile, as from a heart of
stone ;

“And when the ringers rang a peal, as now they came
again,

And the women whispered comfort, yet her heart seemed
rent in twain.

“High in the place of honour at the marriage feast she
sate,

Yet no drop of water drank she, and no crumb of bread
she ate ;

“And when at last, the feast being done, they would light
the bride to bed,

The ring from off her hand she flung, the wreath from off
her head,

“And with wild eyes that spoke despair, and locks that
streamed behind,

Into the darkling night she fled, as swiftly as the wind.”

v.

The lights within the castle were out, and all asleep ;
Only, with fever in her brain, the maid would watch and
weep.

The chamber door swung open. "Who goes there?"
"Do not fear,
Gwen ; 'tis I, your foster brother." "Oh ! at last, my
love, my dear !"

He raised her to the saddle, and his strong arm clasped
her round,
As, through the night, his charger white flew on without a
sound.

"How fast we go, my brother !" "'Tis a hundred
leagues and more."

"How happy am I, happier than in all my life before !

“And have we far to go, brother? I would that we were come.”

“Have patience, sister; hold me fast; ’tis a long way to our home.”

The white owl shrieked around them, the wild things shrank in fear

As through the night a cloud of light that ghostly steed drew near.

“How swift your charger is, brother! and your armour oh, how bright!

Ah, no more you are a boy, brother, but in troth a noble knight!

“How beautiful you are, brother! but I would that we were come.”

“Have patience, sister; hold me fast; we are not far from home.”

“ Your breath is icy-cold, brother, your locks are dank
and wet ;

Your heart, your hands are icy-cold ; oh ! is it further
yet ? ”

“ Have patience, sister ; hold me fast ; for we are nearly
there

Hist ! hear you not our marriage bells ring through the
midnight air ? ”

Even with the word, that ghostly steed neighed suddenly
and shrill,

Then trembled once through every limb, and like a stone
stood still.

* * * * *

And lo, within a land they were, a land of mirth and
pleasure,

Where youths and maidens hand in hand danced to a
joyous measure ;

A verdant orchard closed them round with golden fruit
bedight,

And above them, from the heaven-kissed hills, came shafts
of golden light ;

Hard by, a cool spring bubbled clear, a fountain without
stain,

Whereof the dead lips tasting, grew warm with life again.

There was Gwennola's mother mild, and eke her sisters
dear :

Oh, land of joy and bliss and love !—oh, land without
a tear !

VI.

But when the next sun on the earth, brake from the
gathered gloom;

From the white church, the young maids bore, the
virgin to her tomb.

II.

AZENOR.

“SEAMEN, seamen, tell me true,
Is there any of your crew
Who in Armor town has seen
Azenor the kneeling queen?”

“We have seen her oft indeed,
Kneeling in the self-same place ;
Brave her heart, though pale her face,
White her soul, though dark her weed.”

L

Of a long-past summer's day
Envoys came from far away,

Mailed in silver, clothed with gold,
On their snorting chargers bold.

When the warder spied them near,
To the King he went, and cried,
“Twelve bold knights come pricking here :
Shall I open to them wide?”

“Let the great gates opened be ;
See the knights are welcomed all ;
Spread the board and deck the hall,
We will feast them royally.”

“By our Prince’s high command,
Who one day shall be our King,
We come to ask a precious thing—
Azenor your daughter’s hand.”

“ Gladly will we grant your prayer :
Brave the youth, as we have heard.
Tall is she, milkwhite and fair,
Gentle as a singing bird.”

Fourteen days high feast they made,
Fourteen days of dance and song ;
Till the dawn the harpers played ;
Mirth and joyance all day long.

“ Now, my fair spouse, it is meet
That we turn us toward our home.”
“ As you will, my love, my sweet :
Where you are, there I would come.”

II.

When his step-dame saw the bride,
Well-nigh choked with spleen was she :
“ This pale-faced girl, this lump of pride—
And shall she be preferred to me ?

“ New things please men best, 'tis true,
And the old are cast aside.
Natheless, what is old and tried
Serves far better than the new.”

Scarce eight months had passed away
When she to the Prince would come,
And with subtlety would say,
“ Would you lose both wife and home ?

“ Have a care, lest what I tell
Should befall you ; so ’twere best
Have a care and guard you well,
’Ware the cuckoo in your nest.”

“ Madam, if the truth you tell,
Meet reward her crime shall earn,
First the round tower’s straitest cell,
Then in nine days she shall burn.”

III.

When the old King was aware,
Bitter tears the greybeard shed.
Tore in grief his white, white hair,
Crying, “ Would God that I were dead

And to all the seamen said,
“Good seamen, pray you tell me true,
Is there, then, any one of you
Can tell me if my child be dead?”

“My liege, as yet alive is she,
Though burned to-morrow shall she be :
But from her prison tower, O King !
Morning and eve we hear her sing.

“Morning and eve, from her fair throat
Issues the same sweet plaintive note,
‘They are deceived ; I kiss Thy rod :
Have pity on them, O my God !’”

IV.

Even as a lamb who gives its life
All meekly to the cruel knife,
White-robed she went, her soft feet bare,
Self-shrouded in her golden hair.

And as she to her dreadful fate
Fared on, poor innocent, meek and mild,
“ Grave crime it were,” cried small and great,
“ To slay the mother and the child.”

All wept sore, both small and great ;
Only the step-dame smiling sate :
“ Sure ’twere no evil deed, but good,
To kill the viper with her brood.”

“Quick, good firemen, fan the fire
Till it leap forth fierce and red ;
Fan it fierce as my desire :
She shall burn till she is dead.”

Vain their efforts, all in vain,
Though they fanned and fanned again ;
The more they blew, the embers gray
Faded and sank and died away.

When the judge the portent saw,
Dazed and sick with fear was he :
“She is a witch, she flouts the law ;
Come, let us drown her in the sea.”

V.

What saw you on the sea? A boat
Neither by sail nor oarsman sped ;
And at the helm, to watch it float,
An angel white with wings outspread ;

A little boat, far out to sea,
And with her child a fair ladye,
Whom at her breast she sheltered well,
Like a white dove upon a shell.

She kissed, and clasped, and kissed again
His little back, his little feet,
Crooning a soft and tender strain,
“ Da-da, my dear ; da-da, my sweet.

“ Ah, could your father see you, sweet,
A proud man should he be to-day ;
But we on earth may never meet,
But he is lost and far away.”

VI.

In Armor town is such affright
As never castle knew before,
For at the midmost hour of night
The wicked step-dame is no more.

“ I see hell open at my side :
Oh, save me, in God’s name, my son !
Your spouse was chaste ; ’twas I who lied ;
Oh, save me, for I am undone ! ”

Scarce had she checked her lying tongue,
When from her lips a snake did glide,
With threatening jaws, which hissed and stung,
And pierced her marrow till she died.

Eftsoons, to foreign realms the knight
Went forth, by land and over sea ;
Seeking in vain his lost delight,
O'er all the round, round world went he.

He sought her East, he sought her West,
Next to the hot South sped he forth,
Then, after many a fruitless quest,
He sought her in the gusty North.

There by some nameless island vast,
His anchor o'er the side he cast ;
When by a brooklet's fairy spray,
He spies a little lad at play.

Fair are his locks, and blue his eyes,
As his lost love's or as the sea ;
The good knight looking on them, sighs,
" Fair child, who may thy father be ? "

" Sir, I have none save Him in heaven :
Long years ago he went away,
Ere I was born, and I am seven ;
My mother mourns him night and day. "

" Who is thy mother, child, and where ? "
" She cleanses linen white and fair,
In yon clear stream. " " Come, child, and we
Together will thy mother see. "

He took the youngling by the hand,
And, as they passed the yellow strand,
The child's swift blood in pulse and arm
Leapt to his father's and grew warm.

“ Rise up and look, oh mother dear ;
It is my father who is here :
My father who was lost is come—
Oh, bless God for it !—to his home.”

They knelt and blessed His holy name,
Who is so good, and just, and mild,
Who joins the sire and wife and child :
And so to Brittany they came.

And may the blessed Trinity,
Protect all toilers on the sea !

GYCIA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



PEOPLE OF BOSPHORUS.

The KING OF BOSPHORUS.

ASANDER, *Prince of Bosphorus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *a statesman.*

MEGACLES, *a chamberlain from the Imperial Court of Constantinople.*

Three Courtiers, accompanying Asander and accomplices in the plot.
Soldiers, etc.

PEOPLE OF CHERSON.

LAMACHUS, *Archon of the Republic of Cherson.*

ZETHO, *his successor.*

THEODORUS, *a young noble (brother to Irene), in love with Gycia.*

BARDANES, *first Senator.*

Ambassador to Bosphorus.

The Senators of Cherson.

Two Labourers.

GYCIA, *daughter of Lamachus.*

IRENE, *a lady—her friend, in love with Asander.*

MELISSA, *an elderly lady in waiting on Gycia.*

Child, daughter of the Gaoler.

Citizens, etc.



GYCIA.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Bosphorus. The King's palace. The KING, in anxious thought. To him LYSIMACHUS, afterwards ASANDER.*

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. What ails the King, that thus his brow is bent

By such a load of care ?

King. Lysimachus.

The load of empire lies a weary weight,

On age-worn brains ; tho' skies and seas may smile,

And steadfast favouring Fortune sit serene,

Guiding the helm of State, but well thou knowest—
None better in my realm—through what wild waves,
Quicksands, and rock-fanged straits, our Bosphorus,
Laden with all our love, reels madly on
To shipwreck and to ruin. From the North,
Storm-cloud on storm-cloud issuing vollies forth
Fresh thunderbolts of war. The Emperor
Dallies within his closed seraglios,
Letting his eunuchs waste the might of Rome,
While the fierce Scythian, in a surge of blood,
Bursts on our bare-swept plains. Upon the South,
Our rival Cherson, with a jealous eye,
Waits on our adverse chances, taking joy
Of her republican guile in every check
And buffet envious Fortune deals our State,
Which doth obey a King. Of all our foes
I hate and dread these chiefly, for I fear
Lest, when my crown falls from my palsied brow,

My son Asander's youth may prove too weak
To curb these crafty burghers. Speak, I pray thee,
Most trusty servant. Can thy loyal brain
Devise some scheme whereby our dear-loved realm
May break the mesh of Fate?

Lys. Indeed, my liege,
Too well I know our need, and long have tossed
Through sleepless nights, if haply I might find
Some remedy, but that which I have found
Shows worse than the disease.

King. Nay, speak ; what is it ?
I know how wise thy thought.

Lys. My liege, it chances
The Archon Lamachus is old and spent.
He has an only child, a daughter, Gycia,
The treasure of his age, who now blooms forth
In early maidenhood. The girl is fair
As is a morn in springtide ; and her father

A king in all but name, such reverence
His citizens accord him. Were it not well
The Prince Asander should contract himself
In marriage to this girl, and take the strength
Of Cherson for her dowry, and the power
Of their strong fleets and practised arms to thrust
The invading savage backward ?

King.

Nay, my lord ;

No more of this, I pray. There is no tribe
Of all the blighting locust swarms of war,
Which sweep our wasted fields, I would not rather
Take to my heart and cherish than these vipers.
Dost thou forget, my lord, how of old time,
In the brave days of good Sauromatus,
These venomous townsmen, shamelessly allied
With the barbarian hosts, brought us to ruin ;
Or, with the failing force of Cæsar leagued,
By subtle devilish enginery of war,

Robbed Bosphorus of its own, when, but for them,
Byzantium were our prey, and all its might,
And we Rome's masters? Nay ; I swear to thee,
I would rather see the Prince dead at my feet,
I would rather see our loved State sunk and lost,
Than know my boy, the sole heir of my crown,
The sole hope of my people, taken and noosed
By this proud upstart girl. Speak not of it ;
Ruin were better far.

Lys.

My liege, I bear

No greater favour to these insolent townsmen
Than thou thyself. I, who have fought with them
From my first youth—who saw my father slain,
Not in fair fight, pierced through by honest steel,
But unawares, struck by some villanous engine,
Which, armed with inextinguishable fire,
Flew hissing from the walls and slew at once
Coward and brave alike ; I, whose young brother,

The stripling who to me was as a son,
Taken in some sally, languished till he died,
Chained in their dungeons' depths ;—must I not hate them
With hate as deep as hell? And yet I know
There is no other way than that Asander
Should wed this woman. This alone can staunch
The bleeding wounds of the State.

King.

Lysimachus,

I am old ; my will is weak, my body bent,
Not more than is my mind ; I cannot reason.
But hark ! I hear the ring of coursers' feet
Bespeak Asander coming. What an air
Of youth and morning breathes round him, and brings
A light of hope again !

Enter ASANDER from the chase.

Asan. My dearest sire and King, art thou thus grave
Of choice, or does our good Lysimachus,

Bringing unwonted loads of carking care,
O'ercloud thy brow? I prithee, father, fret not;
There is no cloud of care I yet have known—
And I am now a man, and have my cares—
Which the fresh breath of morn, the hungry chase,
The echoing horn, the jocund choir of tongues,
Or joy of some bold enterprise of war,
When the swift squadrons smite the echoing plains,
Scattering the stubborn spearmen, may not break,
As does the sun the mists. Nay, look not grave;
My youth is strong enough for any burden
Fortune can set on me.

King. Couldst thou, Asander,
Consent to serve the State, if it should bid thee
Wed without love?

Asan. What, father, is that all?
I do not know this tertian fever, love,
Of which too oft my comrades groan and sigh,

This green-sick blight, which turns a lusty soldier
To a hysterical girl. Wed without love?
One day I needs must wed, though love I shall not.
And if it were indeed to serve the State,
Nay, if 'twould smooth one wrinkle from thy brow,
Why, it might be to-morrow. Tell me, father,
Who is this paragon that thou designest
Shall call me husband? Some barbarian damsel
Reared on mare's milk, and nurtured in a tent
In Scythia? Well, 'twere better than to mate
With some great lady from the Imperial Court,
Part tigress and all wanton. I care not;
Or if the scheme miscarry, I care not.
Tell me, good father.

King. Wouldst thou wed, Asander,
If 'twere to save the State, a Greek from Cherson?

Asan. From Cherson? Nay, my liege; that were too
much.

A girl from out that cockatrice's den—
Take such a one to wife? I would liefer take
A viper to my breast! Nay, nay, you jest,
My father, for you hate this low-born crew,
Grown gross by huckstering ways and sordid craft—
Ay, more than I.

King. It is no jest, my son.

Our good Lysimachus will tell thee all
Our need and whence it comes.

Lys. My gracious Prince,
Thus stands the case, no otherwise. Our foes
Press closer year by year, our widespread plains
Are ravaged, and our bare, unpeopled fields
Breed scantier levies; while the treasury
Stands empty, and we have not means to buy
The force that might resist them. Nought but ruin,
Speedy, inevitable, can await
Our failing Bosphorus' unaided strength,

Unless some potent rich ally should join
Our weakness to her might. None other is there
To which to look but Cherson ; and I know,
From trusty friends among them, that even now,
Perchance this very day, an embassy
Comes to us with design that we should sink
Our old traditional hate in the new bonds
Which Hymen binds together. For the girl
Gycia, the daughter of old Lamachus,
Their foremost man, there comes but one report—
That she is fair as good.

Asan. My lord, I pray you,
Waste not good breath. If I must sell myself,
It matters not if she be fair or foul,
Angel or doubly damned ; hating the race,
Men, maidens, young and old, I would blight my
life
To save my country.

King. Thanks, my dearest son.

There spake a patriot indeed.

Servant. My liege,

An embassy from Cherson for the King.

Enter Ambassador, with retinue.

Ambas. Sirs, I bring you a message from Lamachus, the Archon of Cherson.

Lys. Sirs, forsooth! Know ye not the dignity of princes, or does your republican rudeness bar you from all courtesy? I do not count myself equal to the King, nor, therefore, should you.

King. Nay, good Lysimachus, let him proceed.

Ambas. If I am blunt of speech, I beg your forgiveness. I bring to you a letter from the citizen Lamachus, which I shall read, if it be your pleasure.

King. Read on.

Ambas. "To the King of Bosphorus, Lamachus sends

greeting. We are both old. Let us forget the former enmities of our States, and make an alliance which shall protect us against the storm of barbarian invasion which Cæsar is too weak to ward off. Thou hast a son, and I a daughter. Thy son is, from all report, a brave youth and worthy. My daughter is the paragon of her sex. I have wealth and possessions and respect as great as if I were a sceptred King. The youth and the maid are of fitting age. Let us join their hands together, and with them those of our States, and grow strong enough to defy the barbarians, and Rome also."

Asan. My liege, I am willing for this marriage. Let it be.

King. My son, we have not yet heard all. Read on, sir.

Ambas. "There is one condition which not my will, but the jealousy of our people enforces, viz. that the Prince Asander, if he weds my daughter, shall thenceforth

Asan. Insolent hounds !

Take back that message.

And see what fortune sends us.

Be not too hasty. (To Ambassador) Sir, the King has
heard

Will send a fitting answer. [Exit Ambassador.

Nay, my liege,

I beg your patience. That these fellows make

Their friendship difficult is true ; but think
How great the value of it, and remember
How easy 'tis to promise and break faith
With insolent dogs like these. This Lamachus
Is older than your grace, and feebler far.
He will not live for ever, and, he gone,
Will not the Prince Asander be as great,
The husband of his daughter and his heir,
As *he* is now, and sway the power of Cherson
For our own ends, and cast to all the winds
This foul enforcèd compact, and o'erturn
This commonwealth of curs? I will stake my life
That three years shall not pass ere he is King
Of Cherson in possession, and at once
Of Bosphorus next heir.

“The tongue hath sworn, the mind remains unsworn,”
So says their poet.

Asan.

I'll have none of it.

I am not all Greek, but part Cimmerian,
And scorn to break my word.

Let us face ruin, father, not deceit.

King. My noble son, I love thee.

Lys. Good my liege,

And thou, my Lord Asander, ponder it.

Consider our poor country's gaping wounds,

And what a remedy lies to our hands.

I will die willingly if I devise not

A scheme to bend these upstarts to your will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside the palace.*

MEGACLES and Courtiers.

Meg. Well, my lords, and so it is all settled. We must all be on board in half an hour. His Altitude the Prince sails at once for Cherson, and with a view to his

immediate marriage. Was ever such a rash step heard of? Not twenty-four hours to get ready the marriage equipment of a Prince of Bosphorus. Well, well, I dare say they would be glad enough to take him with no rag to his back. I dare say these rascally republicans would know no better if he were to be married in his everyday suit.

1st Court. I' faith, I should never have dreamt it. Asander, who is the boldest huntsman and the bravest soldier, and the best of good fellows, to go and tie himself to the apron-strings of a Greek girl, a tradesman's daughter from Cherson, of all places on earth ! Pah ! it makes me sick !

2nd Court. But I hear she is beautiful as Artemis, and—— Well, we are all young or have been, and beauty is a strong loadstone to such metal as the Prince's.

3rd Court. Nay, he has never set eyes on her ; and, for that matter, the Lady Irene was handsome enough in

all conscience, and a jovial young gentlewoman to boot. Ye gods ! do you mind how she sighed for him and pursued him ? It was a sight to please the goddess Aphrodite herself. But then, our good Asander, who had only to lift up his little finger, was so cold and positively forbidding, that I once came upon the poor lady crying her eyes out in a passion of mortified feeling.

1st Court. Ay, she was from this outlandish Cherson, was not she ? Aphrodite was a Greek woman also, remember.

2nd Court. So she was. I had quite forgotten where the lady came from. Well, if she is there now, and cannot get her Prince, and would like a gay, tolerably well-favoured young fellow for a lover, I suppose she need go no further than the present company.

Meg. My lords, I pray you leave these frivolities, and let us come to serious matters. Think, I beg you, in what a painful position I am placed. I am to go,

without proper notice, as Master of the Ceremonies of the Court of Bosphorus, to conduct an important Court-ceremonial with a pack of scurvy knaves, who, I will be bound, hardly know the difference between an Illustrious and a Respectable, or a Respectable and an Honourable. I must do my best to arrange all decently and in order, and as near as may be to the Imperial model, and all these matters I have to devise on shipboard, tossed about on that villanous Euxine, with a smell of pitch everywhere, and sea-sickness in my stomach. And when I get to Cherson, if ever I do get there alive, I have not the faintest idea whom I am to consult with—whether there is a Count of the Palace or anybody, in fact. I dare say there is nobody; I am sure there is nobody.

A marriage of the heir apparent is a very serious affair, let me tell you. What a comfort it is that I have got the last edition of that precious work of the divine Theodosius on Dignities! If it were not for that, I should go mad.

1st Court. My good Megacles, I warn you the Prince cares as little for etiquette as he does for love-making.

Meg. Very likely, and that makes my position so difficult. Just reflect for a moment. When we go ashore at Cherson, I suppose we shall be received by the authorities?

2nd Court. Surely, good Megacles.

Meg. Then, how many steps should Prince Asander take to meet his father-in-law Lamachus—eh? And how many steps should Lamachus take? You never gave the matter a thought? Of course not. And these are questions to be settled on the spot, and scores like them.

3rd Court. I dare say it won't matter at all, or very little.

Meg. Matter very little, indeed! very little, forsooth! Why, in the name of all the saints, do not alliances fall through for less? Are not bloody wars fought for less?

Do I not remember the sad plight of the Grand Chamberlain, when the Illustrious Leo, the Pro-Consul of Macedonia, had a meeting at Court with the Respectable the Vice-Prefect of Pannonia? Now, the Pro-Consul should have taken four steps forward, as being the most noble, the Vice-Prefect five. But, the Vice-Prefect being a tall man, and the Pro-Consul a short one, the Grand Chamberlain did not sufficiently measure their distances; and so when they had taken but four steps each, there were the two Dignitaries bolt upright, face to face, glaring at each other, and no room to take the fraction of a foot pace more.

1st Court. Faith, a very laughable situation, good Megacles. Was it hard to settle?

Meg. I should think it was hard to settle. No one could interfere; the Book of Ceremonies was sent for, and was silent. There was nothing for it but that the Emperor, after half an hour, broke up the Court in con-

fusion, and those two remained where they were till it was quite dark, and then they got away, no one knows how. But what came of it? For fifteen years there was war and bloodshed between the provinces, and but for the invasion of the Goths, there would be to this day. Matter little, indeed! Why, you foolish youngster, ceremony is everything in life. To understand Precedence aright is to know the secrets of nature. The order of Precedence is the order of Creation. It is, in fact, a very cosmogony. Oh, a noble science! a noble science!

1st Court. Right, good Megacles, to magnify your office. Bravery is nothing; goodness is nothing; beauty is a foolish dream. Give us Ceremony, Ceremony, more Ceremony; it is the salt of life.

Meg. A very intelligent youth. But here comes the King.

Enter the KING, ASANDER, and LYSIMACHUS.

Asan. My liege, I do your will,
Though with a heavy heart. Farewell, my father.
If I must bid farewell to this dear City,
Which nourished me from childhood, 'tis to save it,
Not otherwise, and thou my sire and King.
From thee I do not part, and oftentimes,
If the saints will, I yet shall welcome thee,
When all our foes are routed and our troubles
Fled like some passing storm-cloud, to my hearth,
And set thy heir upon thy knees, a Prince
Of Bosphorus and Cherson.

King.

Good, my son.

I pray God keep you, for I dimly fear,
So dark a presage doth obscure my mind,
That we shall meet no more.

Lys

My honoured liege,

These are the figments of a mind which grief
Hath part disordered. Thou shalt see thy son,
Trust me for it ; I swear it. One thing more
Remains. I know what 'tis to be a youth
As yet untouched by love ; I know what charm
Lies in the magic of a woman's eyes
For a young virgin heart. I pray you, sir,
Swear to me by the saints, that, come what may,
For no allurement which thy new life brings thee,
The love of wife or child, wilt thou forget
Our Bosphorus, but still wilt hold her weal
Above all other objects of thy love
In good or adverse fortune.

Asan.

Nay, my lord,

There is no need for oaths ; yet will I swear it,
Here on this soldier's cross.

[Makes a cross with the hilt of his sword.]

Farewell, my father,

I mar my manhood, staying.

King.

Farewell, son.

Let my old eyes fix on thee till thou goest
Beneath the farthest verge. Good Megacles,
And you brave gentlemen, be faithful all
To me and to your Prince.

Lys.

My Lord Asander,

Remember !

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lamachus' palace, Cherson.*GYCIA *and* IRENE.*Gycia.*

Sweetest Irene,

What joy it is to see thee once again
After so long an absence ! We had grown
Together on one stalk so long, since first
Our girlish lives began to burst to flower,
'That it was hard to part us. But methinks
That something of the rose from off thy cheek
Has faded, and its rounded outline fair
Seems grown a little thinner.

Ire.

Gycia,

The flower, once severed from the stalk, no more
Grows as before.

Gycia. Thou strange girl, to put on
Such grave airs ! Ah ! I fear at Bosphorus
Some gay knight has bewitched thee ; thou hast fallen
In love, as girls say—though what it may be
To fall in love, I know not, thank the gods,
Having much else to think of.

Ire. Prithee, dear,
Speak not of this.

Gycia. Ah ! then I know 'tis true.
Confess what manner of thing love is.

Ire. Nay, nay, I cannot tell thee (*weeping*), Gycia ;
Thou knowest not what thou askest. What is love ?
Seek not to know it. 'Tis to be no more
Thy own, but all another's ; 'tis to dwell
By day and night on one fixed madding thought,
Till the form wastes, and with the form the heart

Is warped from right to wrong, and can forget
All that it loved before, faith, duty, country,
Friendship, affection—everything but love.
Seek not to know it, dear ; or, knowing it,
Be happier than I.

Gycia. My poor Irene !

Then, 'tis indeed a misery to love.
I do repent that I have tortured thee
By such unthinking jests. Forgive me, dear,
I will speak no more of it ; with me thy secret
Is safe as with a sister. Shouldst thou wish
To unburden to me thy unhappy heart,
If haply I might bring thy love to thee.
Thou shalt his name divulge and quality,
And I will do my best.

Ire. Never, dear Gycia.

Forget my weakness ; 'twas a passing folly,
I love a man who loves me not again,

And that is very hell. I would die sooner
Than breathe his name to thee. Farewell, dear lady !
Thou canst not aid me. [Exit IRENE.

Gycia. Hapless girl ! Praise Heaven
That I am fancy-free !

Enter LAMACHUS.

Lama. My dearest daughter, why this solemn aspect ?
I have glad news for thee. Thou knowest of old
The weary jealousies, the bloody feuds,
Which 'twixt our Cherson and her neighbour City
Have raged ere I was born—nay, ere my grandsire
First saw the light of heaven. Both our States
Are crippled by this brainless enmity.
And now the Empire, now the Scythian, threatens
Destruction to our Cities, whom, united,
We might defy with scorn. Seeing this weakness,
Thy father, wishful, ere his race be run,

To save our much-loved Cherson, sent of late
Politic envoys to our former foe,
And now—i' faith, I am not so old, 'twould seem
That I have lost my state-craft—comes a message.
The Prince Asander, heir of Bosphorus,
Touches our shores to-day, and presently
Will be with us.

Gycia. Oh, father, is it wise?

Do fire and water mingle? Does the hawk
Mate with the dove; the tiger with the lamb;
The tyrant with the peaceful commonwealth;
Fair commerce with the unfruitful works of war?
What union can there be 'twixt our fair city
And this half-barbarous race? 'Twere against nature
To bid these opposite elements combine—
The Greek with the Cimmerian. Father, pray you,
Send them away, with honour if you please,
And soothing words and gifts—only, I pray you,

Send them away, this Prince who doth despise us,
And his false retinue of slaves.

Lama. My daughter,
Thy words are wanting in thy wonted love
And dutiful observance. 'Twere an insult
Unwashed by streams of bloodshed, should our City
Scorn thus the guests it summoned. Come they must,
And with all hospitable care and honour,
Else were thy sire dishonoured. Thou wilt give them
A fitting welcome.

Gycia. Pardon me, my father,
That I spoke rashly. I obey thy will. [Going.

Lama. Stay, Gycia. Dost thou know what 'tis to love?

Gycia. Ay, thee, dear father.

Lama. Nay, I know it well.
But has no noble youth e'er touched thy heart?

Gycia. None, father, Heaven be praised! The young
Irene

Was with me when thou cam'st, and all her life
Seems blighted by this curse of love—for one
Whose name she hides, with whom in Bosphorus
She met, when there she sojourned. Her young brother,
The noble Theodorus, whom thou knowest,
Lets all the world go by him and grows pale
For love, and pines, and wherefore?—For thy daughter,
Who knows not what love means, and cannot brook
Such brain-sick folly. Nay, be sure, good father,
I love not thus, and shall not.

Lama. Well, well, girl,
Thou wilt know it yet. I fetter not thy choice,
But if thou couldst by loving bind together
Not two hearts only, but opposing peoples ;
Supplant by halcyon days long years of strife,
And link them in unbroken harmony ;—
Were this no glory for a woman, this
No worthy price of her heart ?

Gycia. Tell me, I pray,
What mean you by this riddle?

Lama. Prince Asander
Comes here to ask your hand, and with it take
A gracious dower of peace and amity.
He does not ask thee to forsake thy home,
But leaves for thee his own. All tongues together
Are full of praise of him : virgin in love,
A brave youth in the field, as we have proved
In many a mortal fight ; a face and form
Like a young god's. I would, my love, thy heart
Might turn to him, and find thy happiness
In that which makes me happy. I am old
And failing, and I fain would see thee blest
Before I die, and at thy knees an heir
To all my riches, and the State of Cherson
From anxious cares delivered, and through thee.

Gycia. Father, we are of the Athenian race,

Which was the flower of Hellas. Ours the fame
Of Poets, Statesmen, Orators, whose works
And thoughts upon the forehead of mankind
Shine like a precious jewel ; ours the glory
Of those great Soldiers who by sea and land
Scattered the foemen to the winds of heaven,
First in the files of time. And though our mother,
Our Athens, sank, crushed by the might of Rome,
What is Rome now ?—An Empire rent in twain ;
An Empire sinking 'neath the unwieldy weight
Of its own power ; an Empire where the Senate
Ranks lower than the Circus, and a wanton
Degrades the Imperial throne. But though to its fall
The monster totters, this our Cherson keeps
The bravery of old, and still maintains
The old Hellenic spirit and some likeness
Of the fair Commonwealth which ruled the world.
Surely, my father, 'tis a glorious spring

Drawn from the heaven-kissed summits whence we come ;
And shall we, then, defile our noble blood
By mixture with this upstart tyranny
Which fouls the Hellenic pureness of its source
In countless bastard channels ? If our State
Ask of its children sacrifice, 'tis well.
It shall be given ; only I prithee, father,
Seek not that I should with barbaric blood
Taint the pure stream, which flows from Pericles.
Let me abide unwedded, if I may,
A Greek girl as before.

Lama.

Daughter, thy choice

Is free as air to accept or to reject
This suitor ; only, in the name of Cherson,
Do nothing rashly, and meanwhile take care
That nought that fits a Grecian State be wanting
To do him honour.

Gycia.

Sir, it shall be done.

SCENE II.—*Outside the palace of LAMACHUS.*MEGACLES *and* Courtiers.

Meg. Well, my lords, and so this is the palace. A grand palace, forsooth, and a fine reception to match! Why, these people are worse than barbarians. They are worse than the sea, and that was inhospitable enough. The saints be praised that that is over, at any rate. Oh, the intolerable scent of pitch, and the tossing and the heaving! Heaven spare me such an ordeal again! I thought I should have died of the smells. And here, can it be? Is it possible that there is a distinct odour of—pah! what? Oils, as I am a Christian, and close to the very palace of the Archon! What a detestable people! Some civet; good friends, some civet!

1st Court. Here it is, good Megacles. You did not hope, surely, to find republicans as sweet as those who

live cleanly under a King? But here are some of their precious citizens at last.

Enter Citizens hurriedly.

1st Citizen. I pray you, forgive us, gentlemen. We thought the Prince would take the land at the other quay, and had prepared our welcome accordingly.

Meg. Who are these men?

1st Court. They are honourable citizens of Cherson.

Meg. Citizens! They will not do for me. The Count of the Palace should be here with the Grand Chamberlain to meet my Master.

1st Cit. Your Master? Oh! then you are a serving man, as it would seem. Well, my good man, when comes your Master?

Meg. Oh, the impertinent scoundrel! Do you know, sir, who I am?

1st Cit. Probably the Prince's attendant, his lackey, or possibly his steward. I neither know nor care.

Meg. Oh, you barbarian! Where is the Count of the Palace, I say?

1st Cit. Now, citizen, cease this nonsense. We have not, thank Heaven, any such foolish effeminate functionary.

Meg. No Count of the Palace? Heavens! what a crew! Well, if there is none, where are your leading nobles? where the Respectable and Illustrious? You are certainly not Illustrious nor Respectable; you probably are not even Honourable, or if you are you don't look it.

1st Cit. What, you wretched popinjay of a serving man! You dare address a Greek citizen in that way? Take that, and that! [Beats him.

1st Court. Draw, gentlemen! These are ruffians!

[They fight.

Enter ASANDER.

Asan. Put up your swords, gentlemen. Why, fellows, what is this? Is this your hospitality to your guests?

1st Cit. Nay, sir; but this servant of yours has been most insolent, and has abused and insulted our State and its manners. He told us that we were not men of honour; and some of us, sir, are young, and have hot blood, and, as Greek citizens of Cherson, will not bear insults.

Asan. Insolent upstarts, you are not worthy of our swords! Come, my Lord Megacles, heed them not. Here is their master.

Enter LAMACHUS and Senators.

Lama. We bid you heartfelt welcome, Prince, to Cherson.

That we have seemed to fail to do you honour
Comes of the spite of fortune. For your highness,

Taking the land at the entrance of the port,
Missed what of scanty pomp our homely manners
Would fain have offered ; but we pray you think
'Twas an untoward accident, no more.
Welcome to Cherson, Prince !

Asan. Methinks, my lord,

Scarce in the meanest State is it the custom
To ask the presence of a noble guest
With much insistence, and when he accepts
The summons, and has come, to set on him
With insolent dogs like these.

Lama. Nay, Prince, I pray you,

What is it that has been ?

Asan. Our chamberlain

Was lately, in your absence, which your highness
So glibly doth excuse, set on and beaten
By these dogs here.

Lama. Nay, sir, they are not dogs,

But citizens of honour ; yet indeed
Wanting, I fear, in that deep courtesy
Which from a stranger and a guest refuses
To take provoked offence. My lord, indeed
I am ashamed that citizens of Cherson
Should act so mean a part. Come, Prince, I pray you
Forget this matter, and be sure your coming
Fills me with joy. Go, tell the Lady Gycia
The Prince is safe in Cherson.

Meg. My Lord Asander, remember what is due to
yourself and Bosphorus. Remember, when this mer-
chant's daughter comes, you *must* not treat her as an
equal. Courtesy to a woman is all very well, but rank
has greater claims still, especially when you have to deal
with such people as these. Now, remember, you must
make *no* obeisance at all ; and if you advance to meet
her more—(*Enter GYCIA, IRENE, MELISSA, and Ladies.*
IRENE, seeing ASANDER, faints, and is withdrawn, GYCIA

supporting her. Confusion.)—than one step, you are lost for ever. These are the truly important things.

Asan. Good Megacles,
Forewarned I am forearmed.

(Aside) Thou fluent trickster !
Fit head of such a State ! I would to Heaven
I had never come !

Re-enter GYCIA.

Nay, nay, I thank the saints
That I have come. Who is this peerless creature ?
Is this the old man's daughter ?

Lama. Prince Asander,
This is my daughter, Gycia. Of the prince
Thou hast heard many a time, my daughter.

Gycia (confused). Ay !—
Indeed I——

Lama. Come, my girl, thou art not used
To fail of words.

Asan. Nay, sir, I pray you press her not to speak.
And yet I fain would hear her. *Artemis*
Showed not so fair, nor with a softer charm
Came Hebe's voice.

Gycia. Nay, sir, I did not know
A soldier could thus use a courtier's tongue.

Asan. If being bred in courts would give me power
To put my thought in words, then would I fain
Be courtier for thy sake.

Gycia. Ah, sir, you jest.
The ways of courts we know not, but I bid thee
Good welcome to our city, and I prithee
Command whatever service our poor Cherson
Can give whilst thou art here. (*To MEGACLES*) Pray you
 my lord,
Accompany his Highness and our household
To the apartments which our serving men
Have now prepared. 'They are but poor, I know,

For one who lives the stately life of kings ;
But such as our poor means can reach they are.

Meg. My lady, I have lived long time in courts,
But never, in the palaces of Rome,
Have I seen beauty such as yours, or grace
More worthy of a crown. (*To MELISSA*) To you, my lady,
I bow with most respectful homage. Surely
The goddess Heré has not left the earth
While you are here. I humbly take my leave
For the present of your Highness with a thousand
Obeisances, and to your gracious father
Humbly I bend the knee. My Lord Asander,
I do attend your Highness.

Mel. What a man !
What noble manners ! What a polished air !
How poor to such a courtier our rude Court
And humble manners show !

Asan. Good Megacles,

Grow troubled, and he should start, and his cheek pale,
A young girl drawing near, I had almost thought
Him suddenly in love.

Gycia. Oh, nay indeed !

Who should be favoured thus ? There is no woman
In our poor Cherson worthy that his gaze
Might rest on her a moment.

Lama. Ah, my girl,

Is it thus with thee ? They say that love is blind,
And thou art blind, therefore it may be, Gycia,
That thou too art in love. Tell me how it is.
Couldst thou love this man, if he loved thee ?

Gycia (throwing herself on her father's neck). Father !

Lama. Say no more, girl. I am not so old as yet
That I have quite forgotten my own youth,
When I was young and loved ; and if I err not,
I read love's fluttering signals on thy cheek,
And in his tell-tale eyes. But listen ! Music !
We must prepare for supper with our guests.

SCENE III.—*A street in Cherson.*MEGACLES ; *afterwards* MELISSA.

Megacles. Well, it is time for the banquet. Somehow, this place improves on acquaintance, after all. Poor, of course, and rude to a degree. But truly the Lady Gycia is fair—as fair, indeed, as if she was the Emperor's daughter. She is a beautiful creature, truly. But give *me* that delightful lady-in-waiting of hers, the Lady Melissa. What grace ! what rounded proportions ! I like mature beauty. She is as like the late divine Empress as two peas, and I thought—I dare say I was wrong, but I really thought—I made an impression. Poor things ! poor things ! They can't help themselves. We courtiers really ought to be very careful not to abuse our power. It is positive cruelty. The contest is too unequal. It makes one inclined sometimes to put on the manners of a clown, so as to give them a chance. Nay, nay, you

might as well ask the Ethiopian to change his skin as a courtier his fine manners. By all the saints! here she comes in *propria personâ*.

Enter the LADY MELISSA.

Mel. Heavens! it is the strange nobleman. I am sure I am all of a flutter.

Meg. (advancing with formal bows). My lady, I am enchanted (*bows again ; then takes several steps to the right, then to the left, and bows*). What a wonderful good fortune! Ever since I had the honour to see you just now, I have only lived in the hope of seeing you again.

Mel. (curtsyng). Oh, my lord, you great courtiers can find little to interest you in our poor little Court and its humble surroundings.

Meg. Madam, I beg! not a word! I was just thinking that you exactly resembled the late divine Empress.

Mel. Oh, my lord, forbear! The Empress! and I

have never been out of Cherson! You flatter me, you flatter me, indeed. That is the way with all you courtiers from Constantinople. Now, if you had said that my Lady Gycia was beautiful——

Meg. My dear lady, I do not admire her in the least. She has no manners, really—nothing, at any rate, to attract a man of the great world; a mere undeveloped girl, with all the passion to come. No, no, my good lady, give me a woman who has lived. We courtiers know manners and breeding when we see them, and yours are simply perfect, not to say Imperial.

MeL. What a magnificent nature! Well, to say the truth, the Lady Gycia is not at all to my taste. It is a cold, insipid style of beauty, at the best; and she is as self-willed and as straitlaced as a lady abbess. I suppose she is well matched with the Prince Asander?

Meg. Well, he is a handsome lad enough, and virtuous, but weak, as youth always is, and pliable. Now, for

myself, I am happy to say I am steadfast and firm as a rock.

Mel. Ah, my lord, if all women saw with my eyes, there would not be such a run after youth. Give me a mature man, who has seen the world and knows something of life and manners.

Meg. What an intelligent creature! Madam, your sentiments do you credit. I beg leave to lay at your feet the assurance of my entire devotion.

Mel. Oh, my lord, you are too good! Why, what a dear, condescending creature!—the manners of a Grand Chamberlain and the features of an Apollo!

Meg. Permit me to enrol myself among the ranks of your humble slaves and admirers (*kneels and kisses her hand*). But hark! the music, and I must marshal the guests to the banquet. Permit me to marshal you.

[*Excunt with measured step*

SCENE IV.—*The garden without the banqueting-room.*

Moonlight. The sea in the distance, with the harbour.

ASANDER and GYCIA *descend the steps of the palace slowly together. Music heard from within the hall.*

Asan. Come, Gycia, let us take the soft sweet air
Beneath the star of love. The festive lights
Still burn within the hall, where late we twain
Troth-plighted sate, and I from out thine eyes
Drank long, deep draughts of love stronger than wine.
And still the minstrels sound their dulcet strains,
Which then I heard not, since my ears were filled
With the sweet music of thy voice. My sweet,
How blest it is, left thus alone with love,
- To hear the love-lorn nightingales complain
Beneath the star-gemmed heavens, and drink cool airs
Fresh from the summer sea ! There sleeps the main
Which once I crossed unwilling. Was it years since,

In some old vanished life, or yesterday ?
When saw I last my father and the shores
Of Bosphorus? Was it days since, or years,
Tell me, thou fair enchantress, who hast wove
So strong a spell around me ?

Gycia.

Nay, my lord ;

Tell thou me first what magic 'tis hath turned
A woman who had scoffed so long at love
Until to-day—to-day, whose blessed night
Is hung so thick with stars—to feel as I,
That I have found the twin life which the gods
Retained when mine was fashioned, and must turn
To what so late was strange, as the flower turns
To the sun ; ay, though he withers her, or clouds
Come 'twixt her and her light, turns still to him,
And only gazing lives.

Asan.

Thou perfect woman !

And art thou, then, all mine ? What have I done,

What have I been, that thus the favouring gods
And the consentient strength of hostile States
Conspire to make me happy? Ah! I fear,
Lest too great happiness be but a snare
Set for our feet by Fate, to take us fast
And then despoil our lives.

Gycia.

My love, fear not.

We have found each other, and no power has strength
To put our lives asunder.

Asan.

Thus I seal

Our contract with a kiss.

[*Kisses her.*

Gycia.

Oh, happiness!

To love and to be loved! And yet methinks

Love is not always thus. To some he brings

- Deep disappointment only, and the pain

Of melancholy years. I have a lady

Who loves, but is unloved. Poor soul! she lives

A weary life. Some youth of Bosphorus

Stole her poor heart.

Asan. Of Bosphorus saidst thou?

And her name is?

Gycia. Irene. Didst thou know her?

Asan. Nay, love, or if I did I have forgot her.

Gycia. Poor soul! to-day when first we met, she saw
Her lover 'midst thy train and swooned away.

Asan. Poor heart! This shall be seen to. Tell me,
Gycia,

Didst love me at first sight?

Gycia. Unreasonable,
'To bid me tell what well thou knowest already.
'Thou know'st I did. And when did love take thee?

Asan. I was wrapt up in spleen and haughty pride,
When, looking up, a great contentment took me,
Shed from thy gracious eyes. Nought else I saw,
Than thy dear self.

Gycia. And hadst thou ever loved?

Asan.

Never, dear Gycia.

I have been so rapt in warlike enterprises
Or in the nimble chase, all my youth long,
That never had I looked upon a woman
With thought of love before, though it may be
That some had thought of me, being a Prince
And heir of Bosphorus.

Gycia.

Not for thyself ;

That could not be. Deceiver !

Asan.

Nay, indeed !

Gycia. Oh, thou dear youth !*Asan.*

I weary for the day

When we our mutual love shall crown with marriage.

Gycia. Not yet, my love, we are so happy now.*Asan.* But happier then, dear Gycia.*Gycia.*

Nay, I know not

If I could bear it and live. But hark, my love !

The music ceases, and the sated guests

Will soon be sped. Thou must resume thy place
Of honour for a little. I must go,
If my reluctant feet will bear me hence,
To dream of thee the livelong night. Farewell,
Farewell till morning. All the saints of heaven
Have thee in keeping !

Asan. Go not yet, my sweet ;
And yet I bid thee go. Upon thy lips
I set love's seal, thus, thus. [*Kisses her. They embrace.*
Good night !

Gycia. Good night !
[*Exit GYCIA.*

Enter IRENE unperceived.

Asan. Ah, sweetest, best of women ! paragon
Of all thy sex, since first thy ancestress
Helen, the curse of cities and of men,

Marshall'd the hosts of Greece ! But she brought
discord ;

Thou, by thy all-compelling sweetness, peace
And harmony for strife. What have I done,
I a rough soldier, like a thousand others
Upon our widespread plains, to have won this flower
Of womanhood—this jewel for the front
Of knightly pride to wear, and, wearing it,
Let all things else go by ? To think that I,
Fool that I was, only a few hours since,
Bemoaned the lot which brought me here and bade me
Leave my own land, which now sinks fathoms deep
Beyond my memory's depths, and scarce would deign
To obey thee, best of fathers, when thy wisdom
Designed to make me blest ! Was ever woman
So gracious and so comely ? And I scorned her
For her Greek blood and love of liberty !
Fool ! purblind fool ! there is no other like her ;

I glory being her slave.

Irene. I pray you, pardon me, my Lord Asander.

I seek the Lady Gycia ; is she here ?

Asan. No, madam ; she has gone, and with her taken
The glory of the night. But thou dost love her—
Is it not so, fair lady ?

Ire. Ay, my lord,

For we have lived together all our lives ;

I could not choose but love.

Asan. Well said indeed.

Tell me, and have I seen thy face before ?

A something in it haunts me.

Ire. Ay, my lord.

Am I forgot so soon ?

Asan. Indeed ! Thy name ?

Where have I seen thee ?

Ire. Where ? Dost thou, then, ask ?

Asan. Ay ; in good truth, my treacherous memory

Betrays me here.

Ire. Thou mayest well forget

My name, if thou hast quite forgot its owner. [*Weeps.*

I am called Irene.

Asan. Strange ! the very name

My lady did relate to me as hers

Who bears a hopeless love. Weep not, good lady ;

Take comfort. Heaven is kind.

Ire. Nay, my good lord,

What comfort ? He I love loves not again,

Or not me, but another.

Asan. Ah, poor lady !

I pity you indeed, now I have known

True recompense of love.

Ire. Dost thou say pity ?

And pity as they tell's akin to love.

What comfort is for me, my Lord Asander,

Who love one so exalted in estate

That all return of honourable love
Were hopeless, as if I should dare to raise
My eyes to Cæsar's self? What comfort have I,
If lately I have heard this man I love
Communing with his soul, when none seemed near,
Betray a heart flung prostrate at the feet
Of another, not myself; and well I know
Not Lethe's waters can wash out remembrance
Of that o'ermastering passion—naught but death
Or hopeless depths of crime?

Asan.

Lady, I pity

Thy case, and pray thy love may meet return.

Ire. Then wilt thou be the suppliant to thyself,
And willing love's requital, Oh, requite it!
Thou art my love, Asander—thou, none other,
There is naught I would not face, if I might win thee.
That I a woman should lay bare my soul;
Disclose the virgin secrets of my heart

Which burns more fierce than love, and it consumes thee.
Fly with me, or alone, but fly.

Asan.

Irene,

Passion distracts thy brain. I pray you, seek
Some mutual love as I. My heart is fixed,
And gone beyond recall.

[*Exit.*

Enter THEODORUS unseen.

Ire. (weeping passionately). Disgraced ! betrayed !
Rejected ! All the madness of my love
Flung back upon me, as one spurns a gift
Who scorns the giver. That I love him still,
And cannot hate her who has robbed me of him !
I shall go mad with shame !

Theo.

Great Heaven ! sister,

What words are these I hear ? My father's daughter
Confessing to her shame !

[*IRENE weeps.*

Come, tell me, woman ;

I am thy brother and protector, tell me

What mean these words ?

Ire. Nay, nay, I cannot, brother.

They mean not what they seem, indeed they do
not.

Theo. They mean not what they seem ! Thou hast
been long

In Bosphorus, and oftentimes at the Court
Hast seen the Prince. When he to-day comes hither,
Thou swoonest at the sight. I, seeking thee,
Find thee at night alone, he having left thee,
Lamenting for thy shame. Wouldst have me credit
Thy innocence ? Speak, if thou hast a word
To balance proofs like these, or let thy silence
Condemn thee.

Ire. (after a pause, and slowly, as if calculating consequences). Then do I keep silence, brother,
And let thy vengeance fall.

Theo. Oh, long-dead mother,
Who now art with the saints, shut fast thy ears
Against thy daughter's shame ! These are the things
That make it pain to live : all precious gifts,
Honour, observance, virtue, flung away
For one o'ermastering passion. Why are we
Above the brute so far, if we keep still
The weakness of the brute ? Go from my sight,
Thou vile, degraded wretch. For him whose craft
And wickedness has wronged thee, this I swear—
I will kill him, if I can, or he shall me.
I will call on him to draw, and make my sword
Red with a villain's blood.

Ire. (eagerly). Nay, nay, my brother,
That would proclaim my shame ; and shouldst thou
slay him,
Thou wouldst break thy lady's heart.

Theo. Doth she so love him ?

Ire. Ay, passionately, brother.

Theo. Oh, just Heaven !

And oh, confusèd world !

How are we fettered here ! I may not kill
A villain who has done my sister wrong,
Since she I love has given her heart to him,
And hangs upon his life. I would not pain
My Gycia with the smallest, feeblest pang
That wrings a childish heart, for all the world.
How, then, to kill her love, though killing him
Would rid the world of a villain, and would leave
My lady free to love? 'Twere not love's part
To pain her thus, not for the wealth and power
Of all the world heaped up. I tell thee, sister,
Thy paramour is safe—I will not seek
To do him hurt ; but thou shalt go to-night
To my Bithynian castle. Haply thence,
After long penances and recluse days,

Thou mayst return, and I may bear once more
To see my sister's face.

Ire. Farewell, my brother !

I do obey ; I bide occasion, waiting
For what the years may bring.

Theo. Repent thy sin.

END OF ACT II.

Gylia. Thou careless darling !
I did not ask thee of the calendar.
Dost think a merchant's daughter knows not that ?
Nay, nay ; I only asked thee if thou knewest

If aught upon this day had ever brought
Some great change to thee.

Asan. Sweetest, dearest wife,
Our marriage ! Thinkest thou I should forget,
Ay, though the chills of age had froze my brain,
That day of all my life ?

Gycia. Dost thou regret it ?
I *think* thou dost not, but 'tis sweet to hear
The avowal from thy lips ?

Asan. Nay, never a moment.
And thou ?

Gycia. Nay, never for a passing thought.
I did not know what life was till I knew thee.
Dost thou remember it, how I came forth,
- Looking incuriously to see the stranger,
And lo ! I spied my love, and could not murmur
A word of courtesy ?

Asan. Dost thou remember

How I, a feverish and hot-brained youth,
Full of rash pride and princely arrogance,
Lifted my eyes and saw a goddess coming——

Gycia. Nay, a weak woman only.

Asan. And was tamed

By the first glance ?

Gycia. What ! are we lovers still,
After two years of marriage ?

Asan. Is it two years,

Or twenty ? By my faith, I know not which,
For happy lives glide on like seaward streams
Which keep their peaceful and unruffled course
So smoothly that the voyager hardly notes

The progress of the tide. Ay, two years 'tis,

And now it seems a day, now twenty years,

But always, always happy. [*Embraces GYCIA.*

Gycia. Yet, my love,

We have known trials too. My honoured sire

Has gone and left us since.

Asan.

Ay, he had reaped

The harvest of his days, and fell asleep

Amid the garnered sheaves.

Gycia.

Dearest, I know

He loved thee as a son, and always strove

To fit thee for the place within our State

Which one day should be thine. Sometimes I think,

Since he has gone, I have been covetous

Of thy dear love, and kept thee from the labour

Of State-craft, and the daily manly toils

Which do befit thy age ; and I have thought,

Viewing thee with the jealous eyes of love,

That I have marked some shade of melancholy

Creep on when none else saw thee, and desired

If only I might share it.

Asan.

Nay, my love,

I have been happy truly, though sometimes,

It may be, I have missed the clear, brisk air
Of the free plains ; the trumpet-notes of war,
When far against the sky the glint of spears
Lit by the rising sun revealed the ranks
Of the opposing host, the thundering onset
Of fierce conflicting squadrons, and the advance
Of the victorious hosts. Oh for the vigour
And freshness of such life ! But I have chosen
To sleep on beds of down, as Cæsar might,
And live a woman's minion.

Gycia.

Good my husband,

Thou shouldst not speak thus. I would have thee win
Thy place in the Senate, rule our Cherson's fortunes,
Be what my father was without the name,
And gain that too in time.

Asan.

What ! You would have me
Cozen, intrigue, and cheat, and play the huckster,
As your republicans, peace on their lips

And subtle scheming treaties, till the moment
When it is safe to spring? Would you have me cringe
To the ignorant mob of churls, through whose sweet voices
The road to greatness lies? Nay, nay; I am
A King's son, and of Bosphorus, not Cherson—
A Scythian more than Greek.

Gycia.

Nay, my good lord,

Scythian or Greek, to me thou art more dear
Than all the world beside. Yet will not duty,
The memory of the dead, the love of country,
The pride of the great race from which we spring,
Suffer my silence wholly, hearing thee.
It is not true that men Athenian-born
Are of less courage, less of noble nature,
More crafty in design, less frank of purpose,
Than are thy countrymen. They have met and fought
them,
Thou knowest with what fate. For polity

I hold it better that self-governed men
Should, using freedom, but eschewing license,
Fare to what chequered fate the will of Heaven
Reserves for them, than shackled by the chains
The wisest tyrant, gilding servitude
With seeming gains, imposes. We are free
In speech, in council, in debate, in act,
As when our great Demosthenes hurled back
Defiance to the tyrant. Nay, my lord,
Forgive my open speech. I have not forgot
That we are one in heart and mind and soul,
Knit in sweet bonds for ever. Put from thee
This jaundiced humour.
If State-craft please not, by the headlong chase
Which once I know thou lovedst. Do not grudge
To leave me ; for to-day my bosom friend,
After two years of absence, comes to me.
I shall not feel alone, having Irene.

Asan. Whom dost thou say? Irene?

Gycia. Yes, the same

She was crossed in love, poor girl, dost thou remember,
When we were wed?

Asan. Gycia, I mind it well.

Send her away—she is no companion for thee;
She is not fit, I say.

Gycia. What is't thou sayest?

Thou canst know nought of her. Nay, I remember,
When I did ask thee if thou knewest her

At Bosphorus, thou answeredst that thou didst not.

Asan. I know her. She is no fit mate for thee.

Gycia. Then, thou didst know her when thy tongue
denied it.

Asan. How 'tis I know her boots not; I forbid
My wife to know that woman. Send her hence.

Gycia. Nay, nay, my lord, it profits not to quarrel.
Thou art not thyself. Either thou knew'st her name

Gycia. Oh, my love,
Forgive me if I have seemed, but for a moment,
To fail in duty. I am all, all thine ;
I have nought but thee to live for. Childish hands
And baby voices lisping for their mother

Are not for me, nor thee; but, all in all,
We joy together, we sorrow together, and last
Shall die, when the hour comes, as something tells me,
Both in the selfsame hour.

Asan.

Nay, wife, we are young ;

Our time is not yet come. Let us speak now
Of what I know thou holdest near thy heart.

I do remember that it was thy wish
To celebrate thy father's name and fame
By some high festal. If thy purpose hold
For such observance, the sad day which took him
Returns a short time hence ; I will employ
Whatever wealth is mine to do him honour,
And thee, my Gycia. Honouring the sire,
I honour too the child.

Gycia.

My love, I thank thee

For this spontaneous kindness, and I love thee ;
I am all thine own again. Come, let us go ;

Nor spare the wealth wherewith his bounty blest us
To do fit honour to the illustrious dead. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same.*MEGACLES, Courtiers ; *afterwards* ASANDER.

Meg. Well, my lords, two years have passed since we left our Bosphorus, and I see no sign of our returning there. If it were not for that delightful Lady Melissa, whose humble slave I am always (*Courtiers laugh*), I would give all I am worth to turn my back upon this scurvy city and its republican crew. But my Lord Asander is so devoted to his fair lady—and, indeed, I can hardly wonder at it—that there seems no hope of our seeing the old shores again. I thought he would have been off long ago.

1st Court. A model husband the Prince, a paragon of virtue.

2nd Court. Well, there is no great merit in being faithful to a rich and beautiful woman. I think I could be as steady as a rock under the like conditions.

3rd Court. Well, mind ye, it is not every man who could treat the very marked overtures of the fair Lady Irene as he did. And he had not seen his wife then, either. No; the man is a curious mixture, somewhat cold, and altogether constant, and that is not a bad combination to keep a man straight with the sex. Poor soul! do you remember how she pursued him at Bosphorus, and how she fainted away at the wedding? They say she is coming back speedily, in her right mind. She has been away ever since, no one knows where. That solemn brother of hers conveyed her away privily.

1st Court. I hate that fellow—a canting hypocrite, a solemn impostor!

2nd Court. So say we all. But mark you, if the Lady

Irene comes back, there will be mischief before long.
What news from Bosphorus, my Lord Megacles?

Meg. I have heard a rumour, my lord, that his Majesty the King is ailing.

1st Court. Nay, is he? Then there may be a new King and a new Queen, and we shall leave this dog-hole and live at home like gentlemen once more.

3rd Court. Then would his sacred Majesty's removal be a blessing in disguise.

2nd Court. Ay, indeed would it. Does the Prince know of it?

Meg. I have not told him aught, having, indeed, nothing certain to tell; but he soon will, if it be true. But here his Highness comes.

Enter ASANDER.

My Lord Asander, your Highness's humble servant welcomes you with effusion. [*Bows low.*]

Asan. Well, my good Megacles, and you, my lords. There will be ample work for you all ere long. The Lady Gycia is projecting a great festival in memory of her father, and all that the wealth of Cherson can do to honour him will be done. There will be solemn processions, a banquet, and a people's holiday. Dost thou not spy some good ceremonial work there, my good Megacles? Why, thou wilt be as happy as if thou wert at Byzantium itself, marshalling the processions, arranging the banquet, ushering in the guests in due precedence, the shipowner before the merchant, the merchant before the retailer. Why, what couldst thou want more, old Trusty? [Laughs.

Meg. Ah, my Lord Prince, your Highness is young. When you are as old as I am, you will not scoff at Ceremony. This is the pleasantest day that I have spent since your Highness's wedding-day. I thank you greatly, and will do my best, your Highness.

Asan. That I am sure of, good Megacles. Good day, my lords, good day. [*Exeunt MEGACLES and Courtiers.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Asander, a messenger from Bosphorus has just landed, bringing this letter for your Highness.

Asan. Let me see it. (*Reads*) "Lysimachus to Asander sends greeting. Thy father is failing fast, and is always asking for his son. Thou art free, and must come to him before he dies. I have much to say to thee, having heard long since of a festival in memory of Lamachus to be held shortly. I will be with thee before then. Be ready to carry out the plan which I have formed for thy good, and will reveal to thee. Remember."

My father ailing?

And asks for me, and I his only son

Chained here inactive, while the old man pines

In that great solitude which hems a throne,
With none but hirelings round him. Dearest father,
I fear that sometimes in the happy years
Which have come since, my wandering regards,
Fixed on one overmastering thought, have failed
To keep their wonted duty. If indeed
This thing has been, I joy the time has come
When I may show my love. But I forget !
The fetters honour binds are adamant ;
I am free no more. Nay, nay, there is no bond
Can bind a son who hears his father's voice
Call from a bed of pain. I must go and will,
Though all the world cry shame on my dishonour ;
And with me I will take my love, my bride,
To glad the old man's eyes. My mind is fixed ;
I cannot stay, I cannot rest, away
From Bosphorus. (*Summons Messenger*) Go, call the
Lady Gycia.

(*Resumes*) Ay, and my oath, I had forgotten it.
I cannot bear to think what pitiless plot
Lysimachus has woven for the feast.
What it may be I know not, but I fear
Some dark and dreadful deed. 'Twere well enough
For one who never knew the friendly grasp
Of hands that once were foemen's. But for me,
Who have lived among them, come and gone with them,
Trodden with them the daily paths of life,
Mixed in their pleasures, shared their hopes and fears
For two long happy years, to turn and doom
Their city to ruin, and their wives and children
To the insolence of rapine? Nay, I dare not.
I will sail at once, and get me gone for ever.
I will not tell my love that I am bound
By her father's jealous fancies to return
To Bosphorus no more. To break my oath!
That were to break it only in the word,

But keep it in the spirit. Surely Heaven
For such an innocent perjury keeps no pains.
But here she comes.

Enter GYCIA.

Gycia. Didst send for me, my lord ?

Asan. Gycia, the King is ill, and asks for me ;
He is alone and weak.

Gycia. Then, fly to him
At once, and I will follow thee. But stay !
Is he in danger ?

Asan. Nay, not presently ;
Only the increasing weight of years o'ersets
His feeble sum of force.

Gycia. Keeps he his bed ?

Asan. Not yet as I have known.

Gycia. Well then, dear heart,
We yet may be in time if we should tarry
To celebrate the honours we have vowed

To my dead father. This day sennight brings
The day which saw him die.

Asan. Nay, nay, my sweet ;

'Twere best we went at once.

Gycia. My lord, I honour

The love thou bearest him, but go I cannot,
Until the feast is done. 'Twould cast discredit
On every daughter's love for her dead sire,
If I should leave this solemn festival
With all to do, and let the envious crowd
Carp at the scant penurious courtesy
Of hireling honours by an absent daughter
To her illustrious dead.

Asan. (earnestly). My love, 'twere best
We both were far away.

Gycia. My lord is pleased
To speak in riddles, but till reason speaks
'Twere waste of time to listen.

Asan.

Nay, my wife,

Such words become thee not, but to obey
Is the best grace of woman. Were I able,
I would tell thee all, I fear, for thee and me,
But cannot.

Gycia. Then, love, thou canst go alone,

And I must follow thee. The Archon Zetho

Comes presently, to order what remains

To make the solemn festival do honour

To the blest memory of Lamachus.

Doubtless, he will devise some fitting pretext

To excuse thy absence.

Asan.

Nay, thou must not ask him ;

Breathe not a word, I pray.

Gycia.

My good Asander,

What is it moves thee thus ? See, here he comes.

Enter ZETHO and Senators.

Gycia. Good morrow, my Lord Zetho ! We were late,
Debating of the coming festival,
And how my lord the Prince, having ill news
From Bosphorus, where the King his sire lies sick,
Can bear no part in it.

Zetho. I grieve indeed
To hear this news, and trust that Heaven may send
Swift comfort to his son, whom we all love.

Asan. I thank thee, Archon, for thy courtesy ;
And may thy wish come true.

Gycia. And meantime, since my husband's heart is sore
For his sire's loneliness, our purpose is
That he should sail to-morrow and go hence
To Bosphorus, where I, the festival
Being done, will join him later, and devote
A daughter's loving care and tender hand

To smooth the old man's sick-bed.

Zetho.

Nay, my daughter,

I grieve this cannot be. The Prince Asander,
Coming to Cherson only two years gone,
Did pledge his solemn word to thy dead father
That never would he seek, come foul or fair,
To turn from Cherson homewards, and I marvel
That never, in the years that since have passed
Amid the close-knit bonds of wedded lives,
He has revealed this secret. We who rule
Our Cherson know through what blind shoals of fortune
Our ship of state drives onward. And I dare not,
Holding the rule which was thy father's once,
Release him from the solemn pledge which keeps
Our several States bound fast in amity,
But each from the other separate, and each
Free from the perils tangled intercourse
Might breed for both. Indeed, it cannot be ;

I grieve that so it is.

Gycia.

My Lord Asander,

Are these things so indeed?

Asan.

They are, my wife.

A rash and heedless promise binds me fast,
Which, in all frankness, I had never dreamt
Could thus demand fulfilment. Who is there
More loyal to the State than I? Who is there
Bound by such precious chains of love and faith
As is thy husband? If I said no word
Of this before, it was that I would fain
Forget this hateful compact. Sir, I beg you
Let me go hence, and when the old man's sickness
Is done, as Heaven will have it, take my word
That I will be a citizen of Cherson
Again, whate'er may come.

Zetho.

If the King dies,

Then art thou straightway King of Bosphorus,

Knowing the strength and weakness of our State,
And having bound to thee by closest friendship
Our chiefest citizens. Nay, nay, I dare not
Relieve thee from the pledge.

Asan.

Thou hoary trickster,

Speakest thou thus to me?

[*Draws.*

Gycia (interposing).

Great heavens! Asander,

Knowest thou what thou dost? (*To ZETHO*) Pardon
him, sir.

He is not himself, I think, but half distraught,
To bear himself thus madly.

Zetho.

Daughter, the State

Knows to protect itself from insolence
And arrogant pride like this, and it is certain
'Twas a wise caution led thy honoured father
To stipulate that such ungoverned passion
Should be cut off from those conspiring forces
From which combined came danger.

*Asan.**Gycia,*

Hearest thou this schemer ? Dost thou know indeed
That I am prisoned here, while my loved father
Lies on the bed of death ? Dost thou distrust me,
That thou dost speak no word ?

Gycia.

My lord, I cannot.

The measure which my father's wisdom planned
For the safety of the State, I, a weak woman,
Am too infirm to judge. Thou didst not tell me,
Asking that I should fly with thee, the bonds
By which thy feet were fettered. Had I known
I never had consented. Had I gone,
Breaking the solemn ordinance of State,
I should have left with thee my former love,
And sailed back broken-hearted. That thou grievest
There is none knows.as I, but oh, my love !
Though it be hard to bear, yet is grief lighter
Than broken vows, and blighted honour, and laws

Made to sustain the State, yet upset
By one man's will. Dearest, we cannot go—
Nor thou ; the State forbids it. I will pray
Thy father may grow strong again, and sit
Here at our hearth a guest ; but this is certain—
To Bosphorus we go not. And I pray you
Make to my lord, who fills my father's place,
What reparation thy ungoverned rage
And hasty tongue demand.

Asan.

Thou cold Greek woman !

Of this, then, 'twas they warned me—a smooth tongue
And a cold heart ; a brain by logic ruled,
And not at all by love. Thou hast no pity,
For pity shapes not into syllogisms ;
Nor can affection ape philosophy,
Nor natural love put on the formal robe
Of cold too-balanced State-craft. Hear me, old man.
And thou too, wife. 'Twere better, ay, far better,

That I should get me gone, and my wife with me,
Than be pent here unwilling ; but were it better
Or were it worse, be sure I will not stay
When duty calls me hence. Wife, wilt thou come ?

Gycia. My lord, I cannot.

Asan. Then, I go alone.

Zetho. Nay, thou shalt not. Ho there ! arrest the
Prince. [Guards arrest ASANDER.

Asan. Unhand me. At your peril. [*Draws.*

Gycia. Oh, my husband ! [*Weeps.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the palace.*

IRENE ; afterwards GYCIA.

Ire. What ! am I mad, or does some devilish power
Possess me heart and soul ? I once loved Gycia ;
I love Asander with o'ermastering love,
And yet these frequent rumours of dissensions

Marring the smooth course of their wedded life
Bring me a swift, fierce joy. If aught befell
To separate those lovers, then might Fate
And Chance open for me the golden doors
That lead to Love's own shrine ; and yet I know not
If any power might melt to mutual love
That too-cold heart. But still, no other chance
Is left but this alone : if I should force
Those loving souls apart, then 'twere my turn.
Am I a monster, then, to will this wrong ?
Nay, but a lovesick woman only, willing
To dare all for her passion. Though I loathe
Those crooked ways, yet love, despite myself,
Drives me relentless onward.

Enter GYCIA.

Dearest lady,
Why art thou thus cast down ? Some lovers' quarrel,

To be interred with kisses ?

Gycia. Nay, Irene,

This is no lovers' quarrel.

Ire. Tell me, Gycia,

What was the cause ?

Gycia. The King of Bosphorus

Is ailing, and desires to see his son,

Who fain would go to him.

Ire. And thou refusedst

To let thy lover go ? *[Laughs mockingly.]*

Gycia. Nay, 'twas not so ;

But politic reasons of the State forbad

The Prince's absence.

Ire. Well, whate'er the cause,

The old man fain would see his son, and thou

Deniedst.

Gycia. I denied him what the State

Denied him, and no more.

Ire. The State denied him !

What does it profit thee to be the daughter
Of Lamachus, if thou art fettered thus
In each wish of thy heart? If it were I,
And he my love, I would break all bonds that came
Between me and my love's desire.

Gycia. Irene,

Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Ire. It may be so ;

I do not love by halves.

Gycia. I do not need

That thou shouldst tutor me, who am so blest

In love's requital. I have nought to learn

From thee, who bearest unrequited love

For one thou wilt not name.

Ire. Wouldst thou that I

Should name him? Nay, it were best not, believe me,

For me and thee.

Gycia. Why, what were it to me,
Thou luckless woman?

Ire. What were it to thee?
More than thou knowest, much.

Gycia. And therefore 'tis
That thou dost dare to tutor me to deal
With the man I love, my husband.

Ire. *Gycia.*
Love is a tyrannous power, and brooks no rival
Beside his throne. Dost thou, then, love indeed,
Who art so filled with duty?

Gycia. Do I love?
Ay, from the depths of my enamoured heart!
I am all his own to make or break at will.
Only my duty to the State my mother
And the thrice-blessèd memory of my sire
Forbids that I should sink my soul in his,
Or, loving, grow unworthy. But, indeed,

Thou pleadest his cause as if thyself did love him.

Ire. As if I loved !—as if !

Gycia.

Indeed, 'tis well

Thou didst not, were he free, for he, it seems,

Has known of thee, and speaks not kindly words.

I know not wherefore.

Ire.

Did he speak of me ?

Gycia. Ay, that he did.

Ire.

And what said he ?

Gycia.

I think

'Twere best thou didst not know.

Ire.

Tell me, I prithee ;

I can bear to hear.

Gycia.

'Twas but a hasty word,

And best forgotten.

Ire.

But I prithee tell me,

What said he ?

Gycia.

That 'twere best I were alone

Than commercing with thee, since thou wert not
My fit companion.

Ire. Said he that, the coward?

Gycia. I am his wife, Irene.

Ire. What care I?

I have loved this man too well, before he saw thee.
There, thou hast now my secret. I have loved him,
And he loved me, and left me, and betrayed me.
Was it for him to brand me with this stain?
Unfit for thy companion! If I be,
Whose fault is that but his, who found me pure
And left me what I am?

Gycia. What! dost thou dare
Malign my husband thus? I have known his life
From his own lips, and heard no word of thee.

Ire. He did confess he knew me.

Gycia. Ay, indeed,
Not that he did thee wrong.

Ire.

My Lady Gycia,

Did ever man confess he wronged a woman ?

If thou believe not me, who am indeed

Disgraced, and by his fault, thou once didst love

My brother Theodorus—send for him.

He is without, and waits me. Ask of him,

Who has long known my secret.

Gycia.

I will ask him.

Thou wretched woman, since thou art polluted,

Whate'er my love may be, go from my sight,

And send thy brother. Then betake thyself

To a close prison in the haunted Tower,

Till I shall free thee. Out of my sight, I say,

Thou wanton !

[*Exit* IRENE.]

What have I done, how have I sinned, that Heaven

Tortures me thus ? How can I doubt this creature

Speaks something of the truth ? Did he not say

At first he never knew that wanton's name ?

Did he not afterwards betray such knowledge
Of her and of her life as showed the lie
His former words concealed? And yet how doubt
My dear, who by two years of wedded love
Has knit my soul to his? I know how lightly
The world holds manly virtue, but I hold
The laws of honour are not made to bind
Half of the race alone, leaving men licensed
To break them when they will; but dread decrees
Binding on all our kind. But oh, my love,
I will not doubt thee, till conviction bring
Proofs that I dare not doubt!

Enter THEODORUS.

Theo. My Lady Gycia,
I come at thy command.

Gycia. Good Theodorus,
Thou lovedst me once, I think?

Theo.

I loved thee *once!*

Oh, heaven !

Gycia.

I am in great perplexity

And sorrow, and I call upon thy friendship

To succour me, by frank and free confession

Of all thou knowest.

Theo.

I can refuse thee nothing,

Only I beg that thou wilt ask me nought

That answered may give pain.

Gycia.

Nay, it is best

That I know all. I could not bear to live

In ignorance, and yet I fear to grieve thee

By what I ask. Thy sister late has left me——

Theo. Ask not of her, I pray ; I cannot answer.

Gycia. Nay, by thy love I ask it. Answer me.

Theo. Have me excused, I pray.

Gycia.

Then, I am answered

My husband, she affirms, betrayed her honour

In Bosphorus, and now denies the crime.

Thou knowest it true.

Theo.

Alas ! I cannot doubt it.

I have known all for years.

Gycia.

Ye saints of heaven !

Is there no shame or purity in men,

Nor room for trust in them ? I am a wife

Who thought she did possess her husband wholly,

Virgin with virgin. I have thought I knew

His inmost heart, and found it innocent ;

And yet while thus I held him, while I lay

Upon his bosom, all these happy hours

The venom of a shameful secret lurked

Within his breast. Oh, monster of deceit,

Thou never lovedst as I ! That I should give

The untouched treasure of my virgin heart

For some foul embers of a burnt-out love,

And lavish on the waste a wanton left

My heart, my soul, my life ! Oh, it is cruel !

I will never see him more, nor hear his voice,

But die unloved and friendless.

[*Weeps.*

Theo. (kneeling at her feet). Dearest Gycia,
Thou canst not want a brother, friend, and lover
While I am living. Oh, my love, my dear,
Whom I have loved from childhood, put away
This hateful marriage, free thee from the bonds
Of this polluted wedlock, and make happy
One who will love thee always !

Enter LYSIMACHUS unperceived.

Gycia.

Rise, Theodorus.

I have no love to give. I am a wife.

Such words dishonour me.

Theo.

Forgive me, Gycia.

I know how pure thy soul, and would not have thee
Aught other than thou art.

Gycia. I do forgive thee.

'Twas love confused thy reason ; but be brave.
Set a guard on thy acts, thy words, thy thoughts.
'Tis an unhappy world !

[THEODORUS *kisses her hand and exit.*

Lys. Most noble lady,
Forgive me if at an unfitting time,
Amid the soft devoirs of gallantry,
I thus intrude unwilling ; but I seek
The Prince Asander.

Gycia. I have nought to hide
My husband might not know.

Lys. Then, thou art, doubtless,
His wife, the Lady Gycia. Good my lady,
With such a presence to become a crown,
We would you were at Bosphorus.

Gycia. 'Tis clear
Thou art a stranger here, or thou wouldst know

That never would I leave my native city
To win the crown of Rome.

Lys. Madam, 'tis pity.

Gycia. Sir, this is courtly talk. You came to see
My husband; I will order that they send him
At once to you. [*Exit* GYCIA.]

Lys. That was indeed good fortune brought me
hither

When her lover knelt to her. I do not wonder
That kneel he should, for she is beautiful
As Helen's self. There comes some difference
Between her and Asander, and 'twere strange
If I might not so work on't as to widen
The breach good fortune sends me, and to bind,
Through that which I have seen, the boy her husband
To execute my will.

Enter ASANDER.

Asan. Lysimachus,

I am rejoiced to see thee.

Lys. Good my lord,

How goes the world with thee? Thou art in mien
Graver than thou wast once.

Asan. I am ill at ease !

I am ill at ease ! How does the King my father ?

Lys. Alas ! sir, he is ailing, and I fear
Will never mend.

Asan. Is he in present danger ?

Lys. Ay, that he is. A month or less from this
May see the end.

Asan. Keeps he his bed as yet ?

Lys. Nay, not yet, when I left him ; but his mind
Turns always to his absent son with longing,
And sometimes, as it were 'twixt sleep and waking,

I hear him say, "Asander, oh, my son !

Shall I not see thee more ?"

Asan.

Oh, my dear father !

And dost thou love me thus, who have forgot thee

These two long years ? Belovèd, lonely life !

Belovèd failing eyes ! Lysimachus,

I must go hence, and yet my honour binds me.

O God, which shall I choose ? They do forbid me—

The ruler of this place and that good woman

Who is my wife, but holds their cursèd State

More than my love—to go.

Lys.

My prince, I come

To find a way by which thou mayst go free

From that which binds thee fast. This festival

To the dead Lamachus will give the occasion

To set thee free. If thou dost doubt to break

Thy word, yet doth a stronger, straiter chain

Bind thee—thy oath. Thou hast not forgot thy oath

To Bosphorus ?

Asan. Nay, I forget it not.

But what is it thou wouldst of me ?

Lys. Asander,

The night which ends the festival shall see us
Masters of Cherson.

Asan. Nay, but 'twere dishonour

To set upon a friendly State from ambush—

'Twere murder, and not battle.

Lys. Art thou false

To thy own land and to thy dying father ?

Asan. That I am not ; but never could I bear

To play the midnight thief, and massacre

Without announcement of legitimate war

Whom daily I have known. My wife I love

With all the love of my soul. If she seem cold

When any word is spoken which may touch

The safety of the State, think you she would love

The husband who destroyed it? All my heart
Is in her keeping.

Lys. It is well indeed
To have such faith. Doubtless the Lady Gycia
Returns this pure affection.

Asan. I would doubt
The saints in heaven sooner than her truth,
Which if I doubted, then the skies might fall,
The bounds of right and wrong might be removed,
The perjurer show truthful, and the wanton
Chaste as the virgin, and the cold, pure saint
More foolish than the prodigal who eats
The husks of sense—it were all one to me ;
I could not trust in virtue.

Lys. Thou art changed
Since when thy ship set sail from Bosphorus ;
Thou didst not always think with such fond thought
As now thou dost. Say, didst thou find thy bride

Heart-whole as thou didst wish? Had she no lover
Ere yet thou camest?

Asan. Nay, nay; I found my wife
Virgin in heart and soul.

Lys. My Lord Asander,
Art thou too credulous here? What if I saw her
On that same spot, not half an hour ago,
In tears, and kneeling at her feet a gallant
Noble and comely as a morn in June,
Who bade her break, with passionate words of love,
Her hateful marriage vows, and make him blest
Who must for ever love?

Asan. Thou sawest my wife
Gycia, my pearl of women, my life, my treasure?
Nay, nay, 'tis some sick dream! Thou art mistaken.
Who knelt to her?

Lys. She called him Theodorus.

Asan. Irene's brother! Who was it who said

He loved her without hope? Lysimachus,
What is it that thou sawest? Come, 'tis a jest!
Kneeling to Gycia, praying her to fly!

Nay, nay, what folly is this? [Laughs.

Lys. My lord, I swear

It is no jest indeed, but solemn earnest.

I saw him kneel to her; I heard the passion
Burn through his voice.

Asan. And she? What did my lady?

She did repulse him sternly?

Lys Nay, indeed,

She wept; was greatly moved, and whispered to him,
"I am a wife."

Asan. Peace, peace! I will not hear

Another word. How little do they know thee,
My white, pure dove! My Lord Lysimachus,
Some glamour has misled thee.

Lys. Well, my lord,

I should rejoice to think it, but I cannot
Deny my eyes and ears. Is not this noble
The brother of the lady who was once
At Bosphorus at Court, and now attends
The Lady Gycia?

Asan. Ay, indeed he is.

Lys. Well, she is near at hand ; if thy belief
Inclines not to my tale—which yet is true—
Couldst thou not ask of her if ere your marriage
Her brother was enamoured of your wife,
And she of him?

Asan. That might I do indeed.
But, sooth to say, I would not speak again
With her you name ; and it may be indeed,
I know her well, the Lady Gycia,
Who is angered with her for what cause I know not,
Might well resent the converse.

Lys. Prince Asander,

There is no man so blind as he who closes
His eyes to the light and will not have it shine,
As thou dost now.

Asan. Then will I see this lady,
Though knowing it is vain. [Exit ASANDER.

Lys. I do not know
What he will hear, but this at least I know :
That woman loves him, and will lie to sow
Dissension 'twixt these lovers—which accomplished,
The rest is easy, and I hold this Cherson
In the hollow of my hand. Ha ! a good thought.
I will send a message to the Lady Gycia
Which shall ensure't. If she mislikes her friend,
It is odds of ten to one some jealous humour
Has caused it, or may grow of it. [Writes.

“ Dear lady,
Thou art wronged ; the Prince Asander presently
Is with Irene alone. Seek them, and wring

Confession of their fault." [Summons a Messenger.

Ho there ! convey

These to the Lady Gycia, but stay not

To tell her whence they come.

Mess.

I go, my lord.

SCENE IV.—IRENE'S *prison*.

IRENE ; *afterwards* ASANDER and GYCIA.

Ire. To think that once I loved that haughty woman !

Ah, that was long ago, before love came

To tear our lives asunder. Though her power

Can pen me here a prisoner, yet I know

That I have pierced her heart. Oh, it is sweet

To be revenged, and know that vengeance brings

Victory in its train ! If I had power

To make Asander jealous of this wonder,

Then all were easy. But I know no means

Whereby from this strait prison I might sow
Suspicion of her who has never given
A shadow of cause.

Attendant. The Lord Asander comes.

Enter ASANDER.

Asan. Lady, I grieve that thou art in this place,
And fain would set thee free. Tell me what cause
Has brought thee hither.

Ire. Ask me not, my lord ;
I cannot tell thee.

Asan. Nay, but know I must,
To plead thy cause.

Ire. 'Twas too great love of thee,
The love which thou didst spurn, that brought me here.

Asan. But how should that be so ?

Ire. The Lady Gycia,
Holding thee to thy promise that thou wouldst not

Ire. 'Tis always thine, my lord,
And more, though I should end my wretched days
In prison for thy sake.

Asan. I thank thee, lady,
And fain would ask of thee a greater kindness :
I would that thou wouldst tell me of thy brother.

Ire. My brother Theodorus ? What of him ?

Asan. This only. Did he, ere I knew my wife,
Bear towards her a great though innocent love ?

Ire. A great though innocent love ? Ay, a great love,
For certain. Spoke she not of it to thee ?

Asan. No word !

Ire. Ah ! yet, maybe, 'twas innocent—
Nay, I believe it, though she spoke not of it,
And 'tis the wont of wives to laugh and boast
Of innocent conquests.

Asan. Nay, she spoke no word.

Ire. And did no other of thy friends at Cherson

Tell thee? Why, 'twas the talk of all the city
How close they grew together, till thy coming
And the necessities of Cherson turned
Her eyes from him to thee.

Asan. And does he still
Bear love for her?

Ire. And does he still bear love?
Ay, passionate love. The heart which truly loves
Puts not its love aside for ends of State,
Or marriage bonds, or what the dullard law
Suffers or does not suffer, but grows stronger
For that which seeks to thwart it.

Asan. And did she
My wife return this love?

Ire. Ay, so 'twas said.
Ask me no more, I pray!

Enter GYCIA unperceived.

Asan.

Nay, by the love

Thou bearest to me, speak !

Gycia.

My Lord Asander,

What dost thou with this woman thus alone?

Asan. 'Twere best thou didst not ask.

Gycia.

I have a right ;

I will be answered. First, thou didst deny
Thou knewest aught of her ; then said her nature
Was such I might not call her friend, or live
With her within four walls ; and now, her fault—
Which she herself proclaimed—penning her here
In a close prison, thou my husband comest
To comfort her, 'twould seem—to travel o'er
Again the old foul paths and secretly
To gloat on the old passion.

Asan.

Nay, I came

Not for this cause, but one which I will tell thee.

I came to question of thy former love.

Gycia. To question *her* of *me*?

Asan. To know the cause

That made my wife, scarce one short hour ago,

Within my home, when hardly I had left her,

Receive alone a lover kneeling to her

With words of passionate love, and whisper to him,

“I am a wife.”

Gycia. Hast thou no shame, Asander,

To speak such words to me before this woman,

Who knows her brother's life?

Ire. Nay, prithee, madam,

Appeal not to me thus ; I could say much

On which I would keep silence.

Gycia. Thou base woman,

And thou poor dupe or most perfidious man,

It were to honour ye to make defence

SCENE V.—*Outside the palace.*

LYSIMACHUS *and three Courtiers* ; *afterwards* ASANDER.

Lys. My lords, what have you to report? Have the men arrived?

1st Court. For a week past they have been arriving at the rate of fifty a day. The ships anchor in due course. At dead of night, when everything is still, the merchandise is landed and conveyed well disguised to the great store-houses of Lamachus' palace, with good store of arms and provisions.

2nd Court. Yes, and by the day of the festival we shall have more than five hundred well-armed men within the walls, who, while the people are feasting, will bear down all opposing forces and open the gates to the larger body, who will lie concealed in the grain-ships in the harbour.

Lys. Does no one suspect, think you, as yet?

1st Court. Not a soul. The merchandise is landed at dead of night.

3rd Court. Does the Prince know?

Lys. Not yet, not a word. I can't trust him with his blind love for his wife.

3rd Court. What if he will not be of us?

Lys. Then he shall be put under hatches at once for Bosphorus, and may take his wife with him if he pleases.

1st Court. But will he pardon the deed?

Lys. The lad is a good lad enough, but weak as water. The world always pardons successful enterprises. Besides, I am in great hopes that he has so quarrelled with the ruler of Cherson, and may be, moreover, so out of conceit with his wife, that we can do as we will with him.

2nd Court. But be prudent, my Lord Lysimachus, I beg, for we know not how far he is with us, and if he is against us now, it may take more than we know to keep our heads on our shoulders.

Lys. My lords, you shall not lose a drop of your blood. But here is my Lord Asander. He looks cast down enough, in all conscience.

Enter ASANDER.

Well, Prince, hast thou seen the lady?

Asan. Speak not to me of her, I pray. I must leave this accursed place at once and for ever, and must take my wife with me. Once in Bosphorus, I may know again the happiness which is denied me here. I will not stay here a day. Is there any ship from Bosphorus in harbour? Get me away to-night secretly, and the Lady Gycia with me.

Lys. My lord, there are many ships here from Bosphorus, but none empty or which can be spared now; but it wants but two days to the festival, and if thou wilt tarry until then, it may be we can so arrange that either thou mayst set sail for Bosphorus at your will or bring Bosphorus hither at will.

Asan. What do these words mean? You speak in riddles. I care not what becomes of me, but remember my honour, Lysimachus, my honour! If any scheme against the State of Cherson is in your mind, I will have none of it. I want nothing of these people, only to be allowed to turn my back upon them and their intrigues for ever, and to carry the wife whom I love far away from the air of chicane and base deceit which makes this Cherson a hell.

Lys. My Lord Asander, thou hast not forgot
Thy oath which thou didst swear ere first you left
Our Bosphorus, that, come what fate should come,
Thou wouldst not forget her. Now, as Fate would
✱ have it,

These gentlemen and I, hearing report
Of the grand festival which now approaches,
Have ta'en such measures as may make our city
Mistress of this her rival. Day by day

Ships laden deep with merchandise cast anchor
By Lamachus's palace, and unload
At dead of night their tale of armèd men,
And by to-morrow night, which is the eve
Of the feast, five hundred men-at-arms or more
Will there lie hid. These, when the festival
Has spent itself, and the drowsed citizens,
Heavy with meat and wine, are fast asleep,
Will issue forth at midnight and will seize
The guardians of the gates, and throw them open
To an o'erwhelming force which fills the ships
Which lie within the harbour. For the rest,
Cherson is ours, thou free to go or stay,
King if thou wilt ; but this, my lord, know well—
If thou hast even no reverence for thy oath,
No power on earth can free thee from thy bonds
Or speed thee hence, if still this cursèd State
Keeps its free power. Therefore, look well to it.

Asan. I cannot do this thing. I am no thief
Or midnight murderer, but a prince and soldier.
Place me in open battle, and I care not
For bloodshed ; but this murderous intrigue,
I will have none o't.

Lys. Nay, my lord, in sooth,
Why think of bloodshed ? If our scheme go right
(And nought can mar it now), what need of blood ?
These smooth knaves, though they fight behind their
walls
With cunning enginery, yet when they see
Our army in their streets, will straight grow prudent
And hug discretion. But, indeed, my lord,
We have gone too far to pause, and if thou like not
Our scheme, which makes for thee and for our State,
We cannot risk that thou denounce our plan,
And therefore, if thou wilt not join with us,
The safety of ourselves and of the State

Holds thee a prisoner pent in durance vile
Till victory is ours, and thou mayst take
The fruit of others' daring, while thy wife
Deserts her doubting and dishonoured lord
For one who dares to act and play his part
As a man should.

Asan. (after hesitation). I do not hold with you,
That a man's oath can bind him to his God
To do what else were wrong. Yet, since you swear
Your purpose is not bloodshed, and my will
Is impotent to stay your choice, and chiefly
Because I am cast down and sick at heart,
And without any trust in God or man,
I do consent to your conspiracy,
Loving it not.

Lys. There spoke my lord the Prince.
We will succeed or die.

Asan. I would sooner die.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cherson. IRENE'S prison.*IRENE ; *then the Gaoler's Child ; afterwards* GYCIA.

Ire. Ah me ! The heaviness of prisoned days !
Heigho ! 'Tis weary work in prison here.
What though I know no loss but liberty,
Have everything at will—food, service, all
That I should have, being free—yet doth constraint
Poison life at its spring ; and if I thought
This woman's jealous humour would endure,
I would sooner be a hireling set to tend
The kine upon the plains, in heat or cold,

Chilled through by the sharp east, scorched by the sun,
So only I might wander as I would
At my own will, than weary to be free
From this luxurious cell. Hark !

[*The tramp of armed men is heard.*

What was that sound ?

I could swear I heard the measured tramp of men
And ring of mail, yet is it but illusion.
Last night I thought I heard it as I lay
Awake at dead of night. Mere fantasy
Born of long solitude, for here there are
No soldiers nor mailed feet.

[*Again heard.*

Hark ! once again.

Nay, I must curb these fancies.

. *Enter Child.*

Child.

Gentle lady.

Ire. Speak, little one. Come hither.

Child.

Gentle lady,

My father, who is Warder of this tower,
Bade me come hither and ask thee if thou wouldst
That I should hold thy distaff, or might render
Some other service.

Ire.

Ay, child ; a good thought.

Bring me my spinning-wheel.

[*Child brings it.*]

Ire. (spinning). The light is fading fast, but I would
choose

This twilight, if thou wilt not be afraid
Of the darkness, little one.

Child.

Nay, that I am not,

With one so good as thou.

Ire.

Nay, child, it may be

I am not all thou think'st me.

Child.

But, dear lady,

Are not all noble ladies good ?

Ire.

Not all,

Nor many, maybe.

Child. To be sure they are not,

Else were they not imprisoned.

Ire. Little one,

Not all who pine in prison are not good,

Nor innocent who go free.

Child. The Lady Gycia,

Is she not good?

Ire. It may be that she is.

'Tis a vile world, my child.

Child. Nay, I am sure

The Lady Gycia is as white and pure

As are the angels. When my mother died

She did commend me to her, and she promised

To keep me always.

Ire. But she sent me here.

Child. Ah! lady, then I fear thou art not good.

I am sorry for thee.

Ire. So, my child, am I.

[*The tramp of armed feet is heard again.*]

Child. Ah ! lady, what is that ? I am afraid.

What means that noise ?

Ire. What didst thou hear, my child ?

Child. A tramp of armèd men and ring of mail.

Ire. Then, 'tis no fancy of my weary brain.

If it comes again I must inquire into it.

'Tis passing strange. Be not afraid, my child.

'Twas but the wind which echoed through the void

Of the vast storehouses below us. Come, [*Spinning.*]

Let us to spinning. Twirl and twirl and twirl ;

'Tis a strange task.

Child. Lady, I love it dearly.

My mother span, and I would sit by her

- The livelong day.

Ire. Didst ever hear the tale

Of the Fates and how they spin ?

Child.

I do not think so.

Wilt tell me?

Ire.

There were three weird sisters once,

Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos,

Who spun the web of fate for each new life,

Sometimes, as I do now, a brighter thread

Woven with the dark, and sometimes black as night,

Until at last came Atropos and cut

The fine-worn life-thread thus.

*[Cuts the thread ; the head of the spindle rolls away.]**Child.*

And hast thou cut

Some life-thread now?

Ire.

My child, I am no Fate,

And yet I know not ; but the spindle's head

Rolled hence to yonder corner. Let us seek it.

Hast found it?

Child.

Nay, there is so little light,

I think that it has fallen in the crevice

Beneath yon panel.

Irv. Stoop and seek it, child.

Perchance the panel slides, and then, it may be,

We shall let in the light.

*[Draws back the panel and discovers a bright light,
files of armed men, and ASANDER in the midst.]*

Child. Ay, there it is ;

We have it, we have found it. *[Sliding panel back again.]*

Irv. What have we found ?

What have we found ? Yes, little one, 'tis found !

Run away now—I fain would be alone—

And come back presently. *[Kisses Child, who goes.]*

These were the sounds

I heard and thought were fancy's. All is clear

As is the blaze of noon. The Prince Asander

Is traitor to the State, and will o'erwhelm it

When all the citizens are sunk in sleep

After to-morrow's feast. Well, what care I ?

He is not for me, whether we call him King
Or Archon ; and for these good men of Cherson,
What is their fate to me ? If he succeed,
As now he must, since no one knows the secret,
'Twill only be a change of name—no more.
The King and Queen will hold a statelier Court
And live contented when the thing is done,
And that is all. For who will call it treason
When victory crowns the plot ? But stay ! a gleam
Of new-born hope. What, what if it should fail
As I could make it fail ? What if this woman,
Full of fantastic reverence for the dead,
And nourished on her cold republican dream,
Should learn the treason ere 'twas done and mar it ?
Would not Asander hate her for the failure ?
And she him for the plot ? I know her well,
I know her love for him, but well I know
She is so proud of her Athenian blood

And of this old republic, she would banish
Her love for less than this. Once separated,
The Prince safe over seas in Bosphorus,
His former love turned to injurious pride,
I might prevail ! I would !

Re-enter CHILD.

Nay, little one,
We will spin no more to-day. I prithee go
And seek the Lady Gycia. Say to her,
By all the memory of our former love
I pray that she will come to me at once.
Lose not a moment. [*Exit* Child.

Hark ! the tramp again ;
Again the ring of mail. I wonder much
If she shall hear it first, or first the eye
Shall slay her love within her.

Maybe, rehearsing for to-morrow's pageant

And the procession.

[*Going.*

Ire. Stay, thou stubborn woman,

Canst bear to see, though the sight blight thy life?

Gycia. I know not what thou wouldst, but I can bear it.

Ire. Though it prove thy love a traitor?

Gycia. That it will not!

Ire. Then, make no sound, but see what I will show thee.

Look now! Behold thy love!

[*Draws back panel, and discovers ASANDER with the soldiers of Bosphorus marching. ASANDER'S voice heard.*

Asan. At stroke of midnight

To-morrow night be ready.

Soldiers. Ay, my lord.

[*GYCIA tottering back. IRENE slides back the panel, and GYCIA sets her back against it, half fainting; IRENE regarding her with triumph.*

Gycia. Was that my husband? and those men around
him

Soldiers of Bosphorus, to whom he gave
Some swift command? What means it all, ye saints?
What means it? This the husband of my love,
Upon whose breast I have lain night by night
For two sweet years—my husband whom my father
Loved as a son, whose every thought I knew,
Or deemed I did, lurking in ambush here
Upon the eve of our great festival,
Scheming some bloody treachery to take
Our Cherson in the toils? Oh, 'tis too much;
I cannot trust my senses! 'Twas a dream!

Ire. No dream, but dreadful truth!

Gycia. Thou cruel woman
How have I harmed thee, thou shouldst hate me thus?
But 'twas no dream. Why was it else that he,
But for some hateful treachery, devised

This festival? Why was it that he grew
So anxious to go hence and take me with him,
But that guilt made him coward, and he feared
To see his work? Oh, love for ever lost,
And with it faith gone out! what is't remains
But duty, though the path be rough and trod
By bruised and bleeding feet? Oh, what is it
Is left for me in life but death alone,
Which ends it?

Ire. Gycia, duty bids thee banish
Thy love to his own State, and then disclose
The plot thou hast discovered. It may be
That thou mayst join him yet, and yet grow happy.

Gycia. Never! For duty treads another path
Than that thou knowest. I am my father's daughter.
It is not mine to pardon or condemn;
That is the State's alone. 'Tis for the State
To banish, not for me, and therefore surely

I must denounce these traitors to the Senate,
And leave the judgment theirs.

Ire. (kneeling). Nay, nay, I pray thee,
Do not this thing ! Thou dost not know how cruel
Is State-craft, or what cold and stony hearts
Freeze in their politic breasts.

Gycia. *Thou* kneel'st to me
To spare my husband ! Think'st thou I love him less
Than thou dost, wanton ?

Ire. Gycia, they will kill him.
Get him away to-night to Bosphorus.
Thou dost not know these men !

Gycia. *I* know them not ?
I who have lived in Cherson all my days,
And trust the State ? Nay, I will get me hence,
And will denounce this treason to the Senate.
There lies my duty clear, and I will do it ;
I fear not for the rest. The State is clement

To vanquished foes, and doubtless will find means
To send them hence in safety. For myself
I know not what may come—a broken heart,
Maybe, and death to mend it. But for thee,
Thou shameless wanton, if thou breathe a sound
Or make a sign to them, thou diest to-night
With torture.

Ire. Spare him ! Do not this thing, Gycia !

[*Exit* GYCIA.

O God, she is gone ! he is lost ! and I undone ! [*Swoons.*

SCENE II.—*Room in LAMACHUS'S palace.*

LYSIMACHUS, MEGACLES, Courtiers ; *afterwards* ASANDER.

Lys. Well, good Megacles, I hope you are prepared to carry out your function. It will be a busy and anxious day to-morrow, no doubt, and most of us will be glad when midnight strikes.

Meg. My Lord Lysimachus, I hope so. I have not closed an eye for the last two nights. As to the Procession, I flatter myself that no better-arranged pomp has ever defiled before Cæsar's Palace. It will be long, it will be splendid, it will be properly marshalled. There is no other man in the Empire who knows the distinctions of rank or the mysteries of marshalling better than I do. Look at the books I have studied. There is the treatise of the Learned and Respectable Symmachus on Processions. That is one. There is the late divine Emperor Theodosius on Dignities and Titles of Honour. That is two. There is our learned and illustrious Chamberlain Procopius's treatise on the office and duties of a Count of the Palace. That, as no doubt you know, is in six large volumes. That is three, or, nay, eight volumes. Oh, my poor head ! And I have said nothing of the authorities on Costume—a library, I assure you, in themselves. Yes, it has been an anxious time, but

a very happy one. I wish our young friends here would devote a little more time to such serious topics, and less to such frivolities as fighting and making love. The latter is a fine art, no doubt, and, when done according to rule, is well enough; but as for fighting, getting oneself grimed with dust and sweat, and very likely some vulgar churl's common blood to boot—pah! it is intolerable to think of it.

1st Court. Well, good Megacles, I am afraid that the world cannot spare its soldiers yet for many years to come. So long as there is evil in the world, and lust of power and savagery and barbarism, so long, depend upon it, there is room and need for the soldier.

Meg. Certainly, my lord, certainly; and besides, they are very highly decorative too. Nothing looks better to my mind at a banquet than bright gay faces and lithe young figures set in a shining framework of mail. By the way, my Lord Lysimachus, it was kind of you to

provide our procession with a strong detachment of fine young soldiers from Bosphorus. I have secured a prominent place for them, and the effect will be perfect. I trust the Lady Melissa will like it.

Lys. My lord, you are mistaken ; there are no soldiers from Bosphorus here.

Meg. But I was with the Prince last night, and saw them.

Lys. I tell you you are mistaken. There are none here. Do you understand me ? There are none here.

2nd Court. Nay, indeed, my Lord Megacles. We were trying, with a view to the pageant, how a number of young men of Cherson would look in the array of Bosphorus ; but we gave it up, since we feared that they would bear them so clumsily that they would mar the whole effect.

Meg. Ah, that explains it ; quite right, quite right. Well, I see I was mistaken. But I wish I could have

had soldiers from Bosphorus. They are the one thing wanting to make to-morrow a perfect success, as the Lady Melissa said.

Lys. They are indeed, as you say. But, my Lord Megacles, pray do not whisper abroad what you have said here ; these people are so jealous. They would grow sullen, and spoil the pageant altogether.

Meg. Ah, my lord, you have a good head. I will not breathe a word of it till the day is done.

Lys. Thanks, my lord, and as I know you will be weary with the long day's work and your great anxieties, I am going to lay a little friendly compulsion upon you. You must leave the banquet to-morrow and go to rest by eleven o'clock at latest.

Meg. Well, my lord, I am not so young as I was, and if I have your permission to leave before all is over, well and good. No one knows what an anxious day is before me, and I have no doubt I shall have earned my night's

rest by then. But I have much yet to do, so with your permission I will wish you good night.

[*Exit MEGACLES, bowing low to each with exaggerated gestures.*]

Lys. Poor soul, poor soul! If any fight comes, it would be as cruel to let him take his part with men as it would be if he were a woman or a child.

Enter ASANDER.

Welcome, my Lord Asander. Hast thou seen our men, and are they ready for to-morrow?

Asan. I have just come from them, and they are ready, But I am not. I pray you, let this be ;
Send back these men to-night. I am oppressed
By such o'ermastering presages of ill
As baffle all resolve. .

Lys. My Lord Asander,
It is too late. Wouldst thou, then, break thy oath?

Wouldst thou live here a prisoner, nor behold
Thy father, though he die ? Wouldst thou thy country
Should spurn thee as the traitor whose malignance
Blighted her hard-won gains ? It is too late !
It is too late !

Asan. I am grown infirm of will
As any dotard. I will go on now
So that thou dost no murder.

Lys. Why was it
We came in such o'erwhelming force, but that
We sought to shed no blood ?

Asan. I will be ready,
Though with a heavy heart. To-morrow night
At stroke of twelve, when all the feast is done,
And all asleep, we issue from the palace,
Seize the guards at their posts, and open wide
The gates to the strong force which from the ships
At the same hour shall land. The citizens,

Heavy with wine, will wake to find their city
Our own beyond recall.

Lys. Ay, that's the scheme,
And nought can mar it now. Good night, my lord.
Sleep well ; there is much to do.

Asan. Good night, my lords !

[*Exit* ASANDER.

Lys. No bloodshed! Why, what fools love makes of
men!

I have seen this very lad dash through the ranks
Of hostile spearmen, cut and hack and thrust
As in sheer sport. There will be blood shed, surely,
Unless these dogs have lost their knack of war
As he has ; but we have them unprepared,
And shall prevail, and thou shalt be avenged
My father slain, and thou, my murdered brother,
Shalt be avenged ! My lords, you know what work
Is given each to do. Be not too chary

Of your men's swords ; let them strike sudden terror.
Slay all who do resist, or if they do not,
Yet slay them still. My lords, give you good night.
To-morrow at midnight, at the stroke of twelve—
At the stroke of twelve ! [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*The council chamber of the Senate of
Cherson.*

ZETHO and Senators ; afterwards GYCIA.

Zet. Most worthy brethren, Senators of Cherson,
In great perplexity of mind and will
I summon ye to-night. The Lady Gycia,
Our Lamachus's daughter, sends request,
Urgent as 'twere of instant life and death,
That I should call ye here. What care can move
Such anxious thought in her, on this the eve
Of the high festival herself has founded,

I know not, but 'twould seem the very air
Is full of floating rumours, vague alarms,
Formless suspicions which elude the grasp,
Unspoken presages of coming ill
Which take no shape. For whence should danger come?
We are at peace with all. Our former foe
Is now our dearest friend; the Prince Asander,
Though of a hasty spirit and high temper,
Dwells in such close, concordant harmony
With his loved wife that he is wholly ours;
And yet though thus at peace, rumours of war
And darkling plots beset us. Is it not thus?
Have ye heard aught?

1st Sen. Zetho, 'tis true. Last night, a citizen
Sware he heard clang of arms and ring of mail
At midnight by the house of Lamachus!

2nd Sen. My freedman, coming home at grey of
dawn,

Saw a strange ship unload her merchandise,
And one bale chanced to fall, and from it came
Groanings and drops of blood !

3rd Sen. Two nights ago,
The ways being white with snow, I on the quay
Saw the thick-planted marks of armèd feet ;
But, rising with the dawn, I found the place
Swept clean with care !

Zet. Brethren, I know not what
These things portend.

Enter GYCIA.

But see, she comes ! Good daughter,
Why is thy cheek so pale ?

Gycia. This is the wont
Of women. Grief drives every drop of blood
Back to the breaking heart, which love calls forth
To mantle on the cheek. Sirs, I have come

On such an errand as might drive a woman
Stronger than I to madness ; I have come
To tell you such a tale as well might fether
My tongue and leave me speechless. Pity me
If I do somewhat wander in my talk !

'Tis scarce an hour ago, that in my house,
Drawing some secret panel in the wall,
I saw the long hall filled with armèd men
Of Bosphorus, and at their head—O Heaven,
I cannot say it !—at their head I saw
My husband, my Asander, my own love,

[Senators *rise with strong emotion.*

Who ordered them and bade them all stand ready
To-morrow night at midnight. What means this ?
What else than that these traitorous bands shall slay
Our Cherson's liberties, and give to murder
Our unsuspecting people, whom the feast
Leaves unprepared for war ? I pray you, sirs,

Lose not one moment. Call the citizens
To arms while yet 'tis time ! Defeat this plot !
Do justice on these traitors ! Save the city,
Though I am lost !

Zet. Daughter, thy loyal love
To our dear city calls for grateful honour
From us who rule. In thy young veins the blood
Of patriot Lamachus flows to-day as strong
As once it did in his ; nay, the warm tide
Which stirred the lips of bold Demosthenes
And all that dauntless band who of old time
Gave heart and life for Athens, still is thine.
In our Hellenic story, there is none
Who has done more than thou, who hast placed love,
Wedlock, and queenly rule, and all things dear
To a tender woman's heart, below the State—
A patriot before all. Is there no favour
A State preserved may grant thee ?

Gycia.

Noble Zetho,

I ask but this. I know my husband's heart,
How true it was and loyal. He is led,
I swear, by evil counsels to this crime ;
And maybe, though I seek not to excuse him,
It was the son's love for his dying sire,
Whom he should see no more, that scheming men
Have worked on to his ruin. Banish him
To his own city, though it break my heart,
But harm him not ; and for those wretched men
Whose duty 'tis to obey, shed not their blood,
But let the vengeance of our city fall
Upon the guilty only.

Zet.

Brethren all,

Ye hear what 'tis she asks, and though to grant it
Is difficult indeed, yet her petition
Comes from the saviour of the State. I think
We well may grant her prayer. Though well I know

How great the danger, yet do I believe
It may be done. Is it so, worthy brethren?

[Senators *nod assent*.

Daughter, thy prayer is granted.

Gycia.

Sirs, I thank you ;

I love you for your mercy.

Zet.

For the rest,

I counsel that we do not rouse the city.

'Twere of no use to-night to set our arms,

Blunt with long peace and rusted with disuse,

Against these banded levies. By to-morrow—

And we are safe till then—we shall have time

To league together such o'erwhelming force

As may make bloodshed needless, vain their plot,

And mercy possible. Meantime, dear lady,

Breathe not a word of what thine eyes have seen,

But bear thyself as though thou hadst seen nothing,

And had no care excepting to do honour

To thy dead sire ; and when the weary day
Tends to its close, school thou thy heavy heart,
And wear what mask of joy thou canst, and sit
Smiling beside thy lord at the high feast,
Where all will meet. See that his cup is filled
To the brim ; drink healths to Bosphorus and Cherson.
Seem thou to drink thyself, having a goblet
Of such a colour as makes water blush
Rosy as wine. When all the strangers' eyes
Grow heavy, then, some half an hour or more
From midnight, rise as if to go to rest,
Bid all good night, and thank them for their presence.
Then, issuing from the banquet-hall, lock fast
The great doors after thee, and bring the key
To us, who here await thee. Thus shalt thou
Save this thy State, and him thy love, and all.
For we will, ere the fateful midnight comes,
Send such o'erwhelming forces to surround them

That they must needs surrender, and ere dawn
Shall be long leagues away. We will not shed
A drop of blood, my daughter.

Gycia.

Noble Zetho

I thank you and these worthy senators.

I knew you would be merciful. I thank you,

And will obey in all things.

[*Exit* GYCIA.]

Bardanes, 1st Sen.

She is gone ;

I durst not speak before her. Dost thou know,

Good Zetho, how infirm for war our State

After long peace has grown? I doubt if all

The men whom we might arm before the hour

Are matched in numbers with those murderous hordes ;

While in experience of arms, in training,

In everything that makes a soldier strong,

We are no match for them. Our paramount duty

Is to the State alone, not to these pirates

Who lie in wait to slay us ; nor to one

Who, woman-like, knows not our strength or weakness,
Nor cares, if only she might wring a promise
To spare her traitorous love. But we have arts
Which these barbarians know not, quenchless fires
Which in one moment can enwrap their stronghold
In one red ring of ruin. My counsel is,
That ere the hour of midnight comes we place
Around the palace walls on every side
Such store of fuel and oils and cunning drugs
As at one sign may leap a wall of fire
Impassable, and burn these hateful traitors
Like hornets in their nest.

Zetho. °

Good brethren all,

Is this your will? Is it faith? Is it honour, think you,
To one who has given all, for us to break
Our solemn plighted word?

2nd Sen.

We will not break it ;

We shed no drop of blood. The State demands it ;

The safety of the State doth override
All other claim. The safety of the State
Is more than all !

All the Senators, with uplifted arms. Ay, Zetho, more
than all !

Zetho. Then, be it as you will. See, therefore, to it ;
Take measures that your will be done, not mine.
Though I approve not, yet I may not set
My will against the universal voice.
Save us our Cherson. For the rest I care not,
Only I grieve to break our solemn promise
To Lamachus's child. Poor heart ! poor heart !

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Outside LAMACHUS'S palace.*MEGACLES, LYSIMACHUS, Courtiers, and Citizens of
Cherson.

Meg. Oh, this has been a happy day. All has gone admirably. Not a hitch in all the arrangements. Precedence kept, rank observed, dresses all they should be. I do not, I really do not think, though I say it who should not, that the Imperial Chamberlain at Constantinople could have conducted the matter better.

1st Court. Nay, that he could not, good Megacles. Let us hope that what remains to do will go as smoothly.

Meg. What remains? Doubtless you mean the banquet. That is all arranged long ago under three heads. First, the order of entering the hall; second, the order of the seats; third, the order of going forth.

Lys. Doubtless the last will arrange itself. Remember, the only order of going to be observed is this, that thou get thyself gone, and all the guests from Cherson gone, fully half an hour before midnight.

Meg. But, my lord, that is impossible; you ask too much. How long do you suppose it will take, at a moderate computation, to get one hundred men of ill-defined rank out of a room with a decent regard for Precedence. Why, I have seen it take an hour at the Palace, where everybody knew his place, and here I cannot undertake to do it under two.

Lys. My friend, you will get it done; you will waive ceremony. None but the Prince and ourselves must

remain within half an hour of midnight, and the hall must be cleared.

Meg. Ah, well, my Lord Lysimachus, the responsibility rests with you ; I will have none of it. It is as much as my reputation is worth. But if I do this, cannot you let me have a guard of honour of armed men to stand at intervals along the hall. I have been longing for them all day.

Lys. (angrily). Peace, fool ! I have told you before we have no soldiers here.

[*People of Cherson overhearing him.*]

1st Cit. Didst hear that old man ? He believes there are soldiers here. Whence do they come ? and why did the other check him ?

Meg. Well, my Lord Lysimachus, if not soldiers, men-at-arms, and these there certainly are, and highly decorative too.

2nd Cit. I hate these Bosphorians. What if the

rumour should be true? Pass the word to the citizens that they sleep not to-night, but keep their arms ready for what may come. We are a match for them, whatever may be their design. To-morrow we will probe this matter to its depths.

2nd Court. Depend upon it, there is no time to lose if we would forestall these fellows. But here comes the procession to the banqueting-hall.

[Citizens *going to banquet two and two.*

Meg. (with a gold wand). This way, gentlemen ; this way, masters and mistresses ; this way, Respectables !

[*Accompanies them to the end of the stage towards the banqueting-hall in the distance. Returns to escort another party. Musicians, etc.*

Enter Senators, two and two.

Meg. (bowing profoundly three times). Most Illustrious Senators ! this way, your Highnesses ; this way.

Enter MELISSA and other Ladies.

(*To MELISSA*) Fairest and loveliest of your adorable sex, your slave prostrates himself before your stainless and beatific feet (*bowing low and kissing his fingers*). Illustrious Ladies, I pray you to advance.

Lys. (*with Courtiers standing apart*). A good appetite, my friends. Enjoy yourselves while you may.

Bard. We are quite ready, my Lord Lysimachus. Are you not (*with a sneer*) for the banquet?

Lys. In good time, in good time. If they only knew.
[*Aside.*

Bard. (*overhearing*). If *you* knew all, my friends.

Meg. (*returning*). I pray you, most Illustrious Senators, to excuse the absence of a guard of honour.

Bard. Nay, nay ; we are peaceful people, and have no armed men nearer than Bosphorus, as my Lord Lysi-

machus knows. There are plenty in that favoured State, no doubt.

Lys. (confused). What does this insolence mean? I would the hour were come.

Enter ZETHO, with his retinue.

Meg. Your Gravity, Your Sincerity, Your Sublime and Wonderful Magnitude, Your Illustrious and Magnificent Highness, I prostrate myself before Your Altitude. Will You deign to walk this way?

Zetho. My lord, I am no Cæsar, but a simple citizen of Cherson, called by my fellows to preside over the State. Use not to me these terms, I pray of you, but lead on quickly.

Meg. I prostrate myself before Your Eminence.

Enter ASANDER and GYCIA.

Meg. (returning). Noble Prince, will your Illustrious Consort and yourself deign to follow me?

Asan. Nay, good Megacles, will you and these gentlemen go first? I have a word to say to the Lady Gycia. We will be with you before the guests are seated.

Meg. I obey, my Lord Asander, and will await you at the door.

[MEGACLES, LYSIMACHUS, *and the rest, pass on.*

Asan. Gycia, though we have passed from amity
And all our former love, yet would I pray you,
By our sweet years of wedded happiness,
Give ear to me a moment. It may be
That some great shock may come to set our lives
For evermore apart.

Gycia. Ah yes, Asander—
For evermore apart!

Asan. And I would fain,
If it must be, that thou shouldst know to-night
That never any woman on the earth
Held me one moment in the toils of love

Except my wife.

Gycia. What ! not Irene's self ?

Asan. Never, I swear by Heaven. She was a woman
In whom a hopeless passion burnt the springs
Of maiden modesty. I never gave her
The solace of a smile.

Gycia. Dost thou say this ?

Is thy soul free from all offence with her,
If thou camest now to judgment ?

Asan. Ay, indeed,

Free as a child's.

Gycia. Oh, my own love ! my dear !

Ah no ! too late, too late ! [*Embraces him.*]

Asan. I ask thee not

Counter assurance, since I know thy truth.

Gycia. Speakst thou of Theodorus ? He loved me
Before I knew thee, but I loved no man
Before I met Asander. When he knelt

That day, it was in pity for my grief,
Thinking thee false, and all his buried love
Burst into passionate words, which on the instant
I as thy wife repelled.

Asan.

Oh, perfect woman!

[*They embrace.*

O God, it is too late! Come, let us go;

The guests are waiting for us. What can Fate

Devise to vanquish Love.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two drunken Labourers of Cherson, bearing
faggots and straw.*

1st Lab. Well, friend, what kind of day has it been
with you?

2nd Lab. Oh, a white day, a happy day! Plenty of
food, plenty of wine, raree shows without end, such pro-
cessions as were never seen—the very model of a
democracy; nothing to pay, and everybody made happy

at the expense of the State. I have lived in Cherson, man and boy, for fifty years, and I never saw anything to compare with it. Here's good luck to Lamachus's memory, say I, and I should like to celebrate his lamented decease as often as his daughter likes.

1st Lab. Didst know him, citizen?

2nd Lab. No, not I. He has been dead these two years. Time he was forgotten, I should think. They don't commemorate poor folk with all these fal-lals and follies.

1st Lab. Well, citizen, there is one comfort—the great people don't enjoy themselves as we do. Did you ever see such a set of melancholy, frowning, anxious faces as the grandees carried with them to-day? And as for the Prince and the Lady Gycia, I don't believe they spoke a word the livelong day, though they walked together. That is the way with these grandees. When you and I quarrel with our wives, it is hammer and

tongs for five minutes, and then kiss and make friends.

2nd Lab. And fancy being drilled by that old fool from Bosphorus—"Most Illustrious, this is your proper place;" "Respectable sir, get you back there" (*mimics MEGACLES*), and so forth.

1st Lab. Well, well, it is good to be content. But I warrant we are the only two unhappy creatures in Cherson to-night, who have the ill fortune to be sober. And such wine too, and nothing to pay!

2nd Lab. Never mind, citizen, we shall be paid in meal or malt, I dare say, and we are bound to keep sober. By the way, it is a curiously contrived bonfire this.

1st Lab. It will be the crowning triumph of the whole festival, the senator said.

2nd Lab. But who ever heard of a bonfire on a large scale like this, so close to an old building? You know our orders: we are to place lines of faggots and straw

close to the building on every side, well soaked with oil, and certain sealed vessels full of a secret compound in the midst of them. And just before midnight we are to run with torches and set light to the whole bonfire, to amuse the noble guests at the banquet.

[IRENE *at a window, overhearing.*

1st Lab. Ah! do you not see? It is a device of the Senate to startle our friends from Bosphorus. The faggots and straw blaze up fiercely round the wall; then, when all is confusion, the substance in the sealed vessels escapes and at once puts out the fire, and the laugh is with us. Our friends from Bosphorus know what we can do in chemistry before now.

2nd Lab. Faith, a right merry device! Ha! ha! What a head thou hast, citizen! Well, we must go on with our work. Lay the faggots evenly.

Ire. (*at the window above*). Great God! what is this?

We are doomed to die!

Good friends,

Know you my brother, the Lord Theodorus?

I have something urgent I would say to him.

I will write it down, and you shall give it him

When he comes forth from the banquet. [*Disappears.*]

1st Lab. Good my lady. Her brother, too, she calls him. I go bail it is her lover, and this is an assignation. Well, well, we poor men must not be too particular.

2nd Lab. No, indeed ; but let us get on with our work, or we shall never finish in time.

Irc. (reappearing). Here it is. Give it him, I pray, when he comes forth.

'Tis a thing of life and death.

1st Lab. So they all think,

Poor love-sick fools !

Irc. See, here is gold for you.—

'Tis all I have ; but he will double it,

If you fail not.

1st Lab. Lady, we shall be here,
We must be here. Fear not, we shall not miss him.

SCENE II.—*The banquet hall.*

*At a table, on a dais, ZETHO, ASANDER, GYCIA, and
Senators; LYSIMACHUS, and Courtiers of Bosphorus.
Magnates of Cherson at cross tables. ASANDER,
LYSIMACHUS, the Courtiers, and Senators seem
flushed with wine.*

Zetho. I drink to him whose gracious memory
We celebrate to-day. In all our Cherson,
Which boasts descent from the Athenian race,
Who one time swayed the world, there was no man,
Nor ever had been, fired with deeper love
Of this our city, or more heartfelt pride
In our republican rule (*LYSIMACHUS sneers*), which free-
born men

Prize more than life. I do not seek to bind
Those who, long nurtured under kingly rule,
Give to the Man the love we bear the State ;
But never shall the name of King be heard
In this our Cherson.

Lys. Archon, 'twere unwise
To risk long prophecies.

Bard. Be silent, sir,
If you would not offend.

Zetho. I bid you all
Drink to the memory of Lamachus
And weal to our Republic.

Lys. Shall we drink
Its memory, for it has not long to live,
If it be still alive ?

Bard. It will outlive thee.
Thou hast not long to live.

Lys. Longer than thou,

If swords be sharp.

Zitho. I pray you, gentlemen,

Bandy not angry words.

Gycia. My Lord Asander,

Thy cup is empty. Shall I fill it for thee?

Thou lovedst Lamachus?

Asan. Ay, that I did ;

And I love thee. But I have drunk enough.

I must keep cool to-night.

Gycia. Nay ; see, I fill

My glass to drink with thee.

Asan. Well, well, I drink,

But not to the Republic.

Gycia. Ah ! my lord,

There is a gulf still yawns 'twixt thee and me

Which not the rapture of recovered love

Can ever wholly bridge. To my dead father

I drink, and the Republic !

Lys. Which is dead.

Bard. Nay, sir, but living, and shall live when thou
Liest rotting with thy schemes.

Enter MEGACLES.

Meg. My Lord Asander,

A messenger from Bosphorus, just landed,
Has bid me give thee this. [*Gives ASANDER letter.*]

Asan. (reading) “My Lord, the King
Is dead, asking for thee.” Oh, wretched day !
Had I but gone to him, and left this place
Of sorrow ere he died !

Gycia. My love, my dear !
Thou wilt go hence too late. I would indeed
The law had let thee go. Sorrow like this
Draws parted lives in one, and knits anew
The rents which time has made.

Lys. The King is dead !

Ay, then long live the King of Bosphorus !

And more ere long !

Bard. Think you that he will live
To wear his crown ?

Zetho. Brethren, the hour is late,
And draws to midnight, and 'tis time that all
Should rest for whom rest is. (*To BARDANES aside*) We
must consider

What change of policy this weighty change
Which makes Asander King may work in us.

Bard. (aside). Nay, nay, no change ! He is a
murderer still,

And shall be punished were he thrice a king.

Asan. Good night to all. And thou, good Megacles,
Thou wert my father's servant, take thy rest.

Go hence with these.

Meg. I have no heart to marshal
These dignitaries forth. My King is dead ;

I am growing old and spent.

Zetho.

Daughter, remember

Thy duty to the State.

Gycia.

I will, good Zetho.

I am my father's daughter. Gentle Sirs

And Ladies all, good night.

[Exeunt omnes except ASANDER and GYCIA ; LYSIMACHUS and Courtiers by one door, then the Chersonites by another opposite.]

Asan.

Dearest of women,

How well this fair head will become a crown !

I know not how it is, but now this blow

Has fallen, it does not move me as I thought.

I am as those who come in tottering age

Even to life's verge, whom loss of friend or child

Touches not deeply, since the dead they love

Precede them but a stage upon the road

Which they shall tread to-morrow. Yet am I

Young, and thou too, my Gycia ; we should walk
The path of life together many years,
But that some strange foreboding troubles me.
For oh, my dear ! now that the sun of love
Beams on our days again, my worthless life
Grows precious, and I tremble like a coward
At dangers I despised. Tell me, my Gycia,
Though I am true in love, wouldst thou forgive me
If I were false or seemed false to thy State ?
Hast thou no word for me ? May I not tell thee
My secret, which so soon all men shall know,
And ask thy pardon for it ?

Gycia.

Say on, Asander.

Asan. Know, then, that soldiers sent from Bosphorus
Have long time hid within our palace here—
Long time before I knew, or I had nipt
The treason in the bud ; and in an hour
Or less from when we speak, they will go forth,

When all the citizens are wrapt in sleep
After the toilsome day, and seize the gate,
And open to the army which lies hid
On board the ships without. They will not shed
The blood of any, since the o'erwhelming force
Will make resistance vain. I never liked
The plot, I swear to thee ; but, all being done,
And I a subject, dared not disavow
That which was done without me. But I have forced
A promise that no blood be spilt.

Gycia.

Asander,

I have known it all, and have discovered all

[*ASANDER starts.*

Thy secret to the Senate ! But I knew not,
Save by the faith that is the twin with love,
That thou didst follow only in this plot,
And wert unwilling ; and I do rejoice
Thy hands are free from blood. But oh, my love,

Break from these hateful men ! Thou art now a King,
Thou canst command. Come, let us fly together ;
There yet is time ! I tell thee that this plot
Is doomed to ruin. Ere the morning dawns,
All but the guilty leaders will be sent
Prisoners to Bosphorus, and thou with them.
I have gained this on my knees ; but for the guilty
The State has punishments.

Asan. Gycia, thou wouldst not
That I should break my faith ? 'Tis a King's part
To keep faith, though he die. But when they have seized
The city, then, using my kingly office,
I will undo the deed, and make alliance
With Cherson, and this done I will depart,
Taking my Queen with me.

Gycia. Then must I go ;
I cannot live without thee.

Asan. Now to rest,

If not to sleep.

Gycia. Good night, my love ; farewell.

Asan. Nay, not farewell, my love !

Gycia. Ah yes, farewell !

Farewell ! farewell for ever ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Outside the banquet hall. Darkness.*

GYCIA *hurriedly descends the steps, closing the great doors of the banquet hall softly.*

Gycia. I hear no sound within ; the lights are gone,
And all the hall is dark. These doors alone
Of all the many outlets of the palace
Remain unlocked. There is not now a moment
To lose ere midnight comes, and here I hold
The safety of our Cherson. Oh, my love !
I could not tell thee all, nor recompense
Thy faith in me, since duty held me fast—

My duty which should also prove thy safety,
For now the solemn promise of the State
Is pledged to hold thee harmless, and defeat
The shameful plot I knew was never thine,
Without one drop of bloodshed. All my path
Shows clear as noonday, and I save our city
And those who with thee err in innocence.
Why do I hesitate? Yet does some dark
And dreadful presage of impending ill
So haunt me that I know not how to face it.
I dare not do it. I must stay with him,
Or bring him forth with me.

*[Ascends the steps, throws open the doors, and finds
all darkness and silence.]*

Asander ! husband !

It is thy wife who calls ! Come forth, Asander !

[Listens.]

Nay, there is no one there. I cannot stay ;

This is mere folly. I must keep my word ;
There's not a moment's time, or all is lost.
Which is the key ?

[Closes the doors and locks them with a clang.

I must go forth alone
To the Senate-chamber. I have saved our Cherson
And my Asander !

[Totters down the steps and exit hurriedly.

SCENE IV.—*The Senate-chamber.*

ZETHO and Senators ; afterwards GYCIA.

Zetho. What is the hour ?

Bardanes. It wants five minutes only

To midnight. Think you she will come ?

Zetho. I know her.

She is the soul of honour, and would keep

Her word if 'twere her death.

Bard.

But would she keep it

If 'twere her lover's ?

Zetho.

She thinks not that it is,

Nor should it be, indeed, were we but true

As I believe her.

Bard.

True ! There is no truth

In keeping faith with murderers ; they must perish

In the same net which they laid privily

Against a faithful city.

Enter GYCIA, tottering in, with the keys.

Zetho. Hail, noble daughter ! Thou hast saved the
State.

I knew thou wouldst not fail us.

Gycia.

See, good Zetho,

The proof that I have done my part to you.

There are the master keys of all the doors

Within the palace. When I closed the last,
A few brief minutes since, there was no sound
Nor light in hall or chamber ; every court
Was silent as the grave.

Bard. Ay, as the grave

It is, or will be soon.

Gycia. What mean you, sir,

I pray you ? I am but a timid woman,
Full of foreboding fears and dread of ill,
And such a doubt doth overspread my soul,
Hearing thy words, I think I shall go mad.
Nay, Zetho, he is safe ; I have your promise
Thou wouldst not harm him. An o'erwhelming force,
Thou saidst, should so surround them that resistance
Were vain, and ere the dawn they should go hence
Without one drop of bloodshed.

Zetho. Ay, my daughter,

Such was the promise.

Bard.

And it will be kept.

[Bell strikes midnight.

Hark. 'tis the hour ! An overwhelming force

*[A red glare rising higher and higher is seen through
the windows of the Senate-chamber. Confused
noises and shouts heard without.*

Surrounds them, but no drop of blood is shed.

All will go hence ere dawn.

Gycia.

Oh, cruel man,

And most perfidious world ! Oh, my Asander !

To die thus and through me !

[A violent knocking is heard at the door.

*Enter THEODORUS in great agitation, and IRENE, who
throws herself on her knees, weeping. GYCIA falls
swooning in Zetho's arms.*

Zetho. Whence cam'st thou, Theodorus ?

Theo.

Straight, my lord,

From Gycia's palace.

Zetho. Say, what didst thou there ?

And what of horror has befallen thee

That makes thine eyes stare thus ?

Theo. Most noble Zetho,

When from the banquet scarce an hour ago

I passed, came one who offered me a letter

And bade me read. 'Twas from this woman here,

My sister, and it told of some great peril

By fire, which she, within the prison locked,

Expected with the night. Wherefore I sped

With one I trusted, and did set a ladder

Against her casement, calling her by name,

And bidding her descend. But no voice came,

And all was dark and silent as the grave ;

And when I called again, the Prince Asander,

From an adjacent casement looking, cried,

“ I had forgot thy sister. Take her hence ;

She should go free ! ” And then, at her own casement

[GYCIA *revives and listens.*

Appearing, he came forth, and in his arms
A woman's senseless form. As they descended
And now were in mid-air, there came the sound
Of the bell striking midnight, and forthwith
In a moment, like a serpent winged with fire,
There rose from wall to wall a sheet of flame,
Which in one instant mounted to the roof
With forked red tongues. Then every casement teemed
With strange armed men, who leapt into the flames
And perished. Those who, maimed and burnt, escaped,
Ere they could gain their feet, a little band
Of citizens, who sprang from out the night,
Slew as they lay. The Prince, who bore my sister
Unhurt to ground, stood for a moment mute.
Then, seeing all was lost, he with a groan
Stabbed himself where we stood. I fear his hurt

Is mortal, since in vain I tried to staunch
The rushing blood ; then bade them on a litter
Carry him hither gently. Here he comes.

Enter Citizens, bearing ASANDER on a litter, wounded.

Gycia. Oh, my love, thou art hurt ! Canst thou forgive
me ?

I thought to save thee and the rest. I knew not,
I did not know ! Oh, God !

Asan. I do believe thee.

The fates have led our feet by luckless ways
Which only lead to death. I loved but thee.
I wished thy State no wrong, but I am dying.
Farewell ! my love, farewell !

[*Dies.*

Gycia. Oh, my lost love !

[*Throws herself on the body and kisses it passionately.*

Zetho. Poor souls ! Mysterious are the ways of Heaven,
And these have suffered deeply in the fortune

That bound their lives together.

Bard.

That dead man

Would have betrayed our State, and thou dost pity !

So perish all the enemies of Cherson !

Gycia (rising). Nay, sir, be silent. 'Tis a coward's part
To vilify the dead. You, my Lord Zetho,
I had your promise that you would hurt none
Except the guilty only, and I thought
That to your word I might entrust my life
And one more dear than mine ; but now it seems
That in some coward and unreasoning panic
This worthy Senator has moved his colleagues—
Since cruelty is close akin to fear—
To break your faith to me, and to confuse
The innocent and guilty, those who led
And those who followed, in one dreadful death !
I pray you pardon me if, being a woman,
Too rashly taking part in things of State,

I have known nought of State-craft or the wisdom
Which breaks a plighted word.

Zetho. Daughter, I would
Our promise had been kept, and I had kept it
But that the safety of the State to some
Seemed to demand its breach.

Gycia. Farewell, good Zetho,
And all who were my friends. I am going hence ;
I can no longer stay. There lies my love.
There flames my father's house. I go far off,
A long, long journey. If you see me not
In life again, I humbly pray the State
May, if it think me worthy—for indeed
I have given it all—bury me, when I die,
Within the city, in a fair white tomb,
As did our Grecian forefathers of old
For him who saved the State ; and, if it may be,
Lay my love by my side.

Zetho and Sens.

Daughter, we swear

That thou shalt have thy wish.

Gycia.

I thank you, sirs.

Then, I may go. Kiss me, good Theodorus :

I am no more a wife. I know thy love,

And thank thee for it. For that wretch whose lie

Has wrecked our life and love, I bless the gods

That I am childless, lest my daughter grew

As vile a thing as she ; and yet I know not.

She loved him in some sort, poor wretch, poor wretch !

But now I must be going. 'Tis past midnight ;

[*Snatches dagger from THEODORUS'S side.*

I must go hence. I have lost my life and love,

But I have saved the State.

[*Stabs herself and falls on ASANDER'S body.*

Citizens of Cherson bursting in.

Cits. The State is saved ! Long may our Cherson
flourish !

The State is saved ! Long live our Lady Gycia,
Who saved the State !

Gycia (rising a little). Yes, I have saved the State !

[Falls back dead.]

Citizens (without). Long live the Lady Gycia !

Curtain.



SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTICES
OF THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LEWIS MORRIS.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.

THESE poems were originally published in three volumes, issued in the years 1872, 1874, and 1875. The following are a few selections from the Press notices which appeared as they were issued.

FIRST SERIES.

“No one, after reading the first two poems—almost perfect in rhythm and all the graceful reserve of true lyrical strength—could doubt for an instant that this book is the result of lengthened thought and assiduous training in poetic forms. These poems will assuredly take high rank among the class to which they belong.”—*British Quarterly Review*, April, 1872.

“If this volume is the mere prelude of a mind growing in power, we have in it the promise of a fine poet. . . . In ‘The Wandering Soul,’ the verse describing Socrates has that highest note of critical poetry, that in it epigram becomes vivid with life, and life reveals its inherent paradox. It would be difficult to describe the famous irony of Socrates in more poetical and more accurate words than by saying that he doubted men’s doubts away.”—*Spectator*, February 17th, 1872.

“In all this poetry there is a purity and delicacy of feeling which comes over one like morning air.”—*Graphic*, March 16th, 1872.

SECOND SERIES.

“In earnestness, sweetness, and the gift of depicting nature, the writer may be pronounced a worthy disciple of his compatriot, Henry Vaughan, the Silurist. Several of the shorter poems are instinct with a noble purpose and a high ideal of life. One perfect picture, marginally annotated, so to speak, in the speculations which it calls forth, is ‘The Organ-Boy.’ But the most noteworthy poem is the ‘Ode on a Fair Spring Morning,’ which has somewhat of the charm and truth to nature of ‘L’Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso.’ It is the nearest approach to a master-piece in the volume.”—*Saturday Review*, May 30th, 1874.

“This volume is a real advance on its predecessor of the same name, and contains at least one poem of great originality, as well as many of much tenderness, sweetness, and beauty. ‘The Organ-Boy’ we have read again and again, with fresh pleasure on every reading. It is as exquisite a little poem as we have read for many a day.”—*Spectator*, June 13th, 1874.

“The reception of the New Writer’s first series shows that, in his degree, he is one of the poetical forces of the time. Of the school of poetry of which Horace is the highest master, he is a not undistinguished pupil.”—*Academy*, August 11th, 1874.

“The verses are full of melodious charm, and sing themselves almost without music.”—*Blackwood’s*, August 1st, 1874.

THIRD SERIES.

“Not unworthy of its predecessors. It presents the same command of metre and diction, the same contrasts of mood, the same grace and sweetness. It cannot be denied that he has won a definite position among contemporary poets.”—*Times*, October 16th, 1875.

“‘Evensong’ shows power thought, and courage to grapple with the profoundest problems. In the ‘Ode to Free Rome’

we find worthy treatment of the subject and passionate expression of generous sympathy.”—*Saturday Review*, July 31st, 1875.

“More perfect in execution than either of its predecessors. . . . The pure lyrics are sweeter and richer. In the ‘Birth of Verse’ every stanza is a little poem in itself, and yet a part of a perfect whole.”—*Spectator*, May 22nd, 1875.

“If each book that he publishes is to mark as steady improvement as have his second and third, the world may surely look for something from the writer which shall immortalize him and remain as a treasure to literature.”—*Graphic*, June 1st, 1875.

THE EPIC OF HADES.

BOOK II.*

“Fresh, picturesque, and by no means deficient in intensity; but the most conspicuous merits of the author are the judgment and moderation with which his poem is designed, his self-possession within his prescribed limits, and the unfailing elegance of his composition, which shrinks from obscurity, exuberance, and rash or painful effort as religiously as many recent poets seem to cultivate such interesting blemishes. . . . Perhaps the fine bursts of music in Marsyas, and the varied emotions portrayed in Andromeda, are less characteristic of the author than the prompt, yet graceful, manner in which he passes from one figure to another. . . . Fourteen of these pieces written in blank verse which bears comparison with the very best models make up a thoroughly enjoyable little volume. . . .”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 10th, 1876.

“It is natural that the favourable reception given to his ‘Songs of Two Worlds’ should have led the author to continue his

* Book II. was issued as a separate volume prior to the publication of Books I. and III. and of the complete work.

poetical exercises, and it is, no doubt, a true instinct which has led him to tread the classic paths of song. In his choice of subject he has not shrunk from venturing on ground occupied by at least two Victorian poets. In neither case need he shrink from comparison. His *Marsyas* is full of fine fancy and vivid description. His *Andromeda* has to us one recommendation denied to Kingsley's—a more congenial metre; another is its unstrained and natural narrative.”—*Saturday Review*, May 20th, 1876.

“In his enterprise of connecting the Greek myth with the high and wider meaning which Christian sentiment naturally finds for it, his success has been great. The passage in which Apollo's victory over Marsyas and its effect are described is full of exquisite beauty. It is almost as fine as verse on such a subject could be. . . . The little volume is delightful reading. From the first line to the last, the high and delicate aroma of purity breathes through the various spiritual fables.”—*Spectator*, May 27th, 1876.

“The blank verse is stately, yet sweet, free, graceful, and never undignified. We confidently believe that our readers will agree with us in regarding this as one of the finest and most suggestive poems recently published. We trust to have, ere long, more poetic work from his hand.”—*British Quarterly Review*, April 1st, 1876.

“The writer has shown himself more critical than his friends, and the result is a gradual, steady progress in power, which we frankly acknowledge. . . . This long passage studded with graces.”—*Academy*, April 29th, 1876.

BOOKS I. and III. and the COMPLETE WORK.

“In one sense the idea of his Epic is not only ambitious, but audacious, for it necessarily awakens reminiscences of Dante. Not unfrequently he is charmingly pathetic, as in his *Helen* and *Psyche*. There is considerable force and no small imagination

in the description of some of the tortures in the 'Tartarus.' There is genuine poetical feeling in the 'Olympus.' . . . We might invite attention to many other passages. But it is more easy to give honest general praise than to single out particular extracts."—*Times*, February 9th, 1877.

"The whole of this last portion of the poem is exceedingly beautiful. . . . Nor will any, except critics of limited view, fail to recognize in the Epic a distinct addition to their store of those companions of whom we never grow tired."—*Athenæum*, March 3rd, 1877.

"We believe that the Epic will approve itself to students as one of the most considerable and original feats of recent English poetry."—*Saturday Review*, March 31st, 1877.

"Thought, fancy, music, and penetrating sympathy we have here, and that radiant, unnamable suggestive delicacy which enhances the attraction with each new reading."—*British Quarterly Review*, April, 1877.

"The present work is by far his greatest achievement; the whole tone of it is noble, and portions, more especially the concluding lines, are excessively beautiful."—*Westminster Review*, April, 1877.

"The work is one of which any singer might justly be proud. In fact, the Epic is in every way a remarkable poem, which to be appreciated must not only be read, but studied."—*Graphic*, March 10th, 1877.

"We do not hesitate to advance it as our opinion that 'The Epic of Hades' will enjoy the privilege of being classed amongst the poems in the English language which will live."—*Civil Service Gazette*, March 17th, 1877.

"Exquisite beauty of melodious verse. . . . A remarkable poem, both in conception and execution. We sincerely wish for the author a complete literary success."—*Literary World*, March 30th, 1877.

"Will live as a poem of permanent power and charm. It will receive high appreciation from all who can enter into its meaning, for its graphic and liquid pictures of external beauty, the depth and truth of its purgatorial ideas, and the ardour, tenderness, and exaltation of its spiritual life."—*Spectator*, May 5th, 1877.

"I have lately been reading a poem which has interested me very much, a poem called 'The Epic of Hades.' Many of you may never have heard of it; most of you may never have seen it. It is, as I view it, another gem added to the wealth of the poetry of our language."—*Mr. Bright's speech on Cobden, at Bradford*, July 25th, 1877.

"In the blank verse of the 'Epic of Hades,' apt words are so simply arranged with unbroken melody, that if the work were printed as prose, it would remain a song, and every word would still be where the sense required it; not one is set in a wrong place through stress of need for a mechanical help to the music. The poem has its sound mind housed in a sound body."—PROFESSOR MORLEY in the *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1878.

"I have read the 'Epic of Hades,' and find it truly charming. Its pictures will long remain with me, and the music of its words."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, April, 1884.

THE EPIC OF HADES.

ILLUSTRATED QUARTO EDITION.

"Of Mr. Chapman's illustrations it is pleasant to be able to speak with considerable admiration, not only because they are a fortunate echo of the verse, and represent the feelings and incidents of the 'Epic,' but because of their intrinsic merits. There is in them a fine and high inspiration of an indefinite sort."—*Athenæum*, March 29th, 1879.

“ ‘The Epic of Hades’ is certainly one of the most remarkable works of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Here is an *édition de luxe* which may possibly tempt the unthinking to search for the jewel within the casket.”—*World*, February 12th, 1879.

“The exquisite ærial feeling of ‘Eros and Psyche,’—by far the best of the drawings,—in which the figures seem literally to float in ether. ‘Laocoon’ is grand and dignified, and all deserve to be noticed with attention.”—*Graphic*, January 25th, 1879.

“These designs of themselves would be of the highest value, and when they are placed, as in this book, by way of illustration of a text which is full of power, their value is not easily estimated. The book ought to be one of the most cherished gifts that any lover of poetry or the pencil could desire.”—*Scotsman*, January 23rd, 1879.

“The author has been most fortunate in his illustrator. The designs are gems of drawing and conception, and the mezzotint is admirably adapted to the style of drawing and subject. This is truly a charming addition to the literary table. It is seldom one sees figure illustrations of such graceful and powerful beauty, and so thoroughly in sympathy with the visionary subjects of the author.”—*Art Journal*, April, 1879.

“ ‘The Epic of Hades’ has already won a place among the immortals. The lovely and terrible figures of the Greek mythology have never received a more exquisite consecration than at the hands of the author, who, with the true divination of the poet, has known how to interpret in the modern spirit the profound and pathetic fables of antiquity without vulgarizing by modern affectations their divine simplicity. This beautiful poem appears now in an *édition de luxe*—a setting not unworthy of such gems. The designs are noteworthy for their tenderness of sentiment and their languid grace.”—*Daily News*, April 2nd, 1879.

GWEN :

A DRAMA IN MONOLOGUE.

“The charm of this beautiful little poem is its perfect simplicity of utterance ; its chastened and exquisite grace. There is nothing very new in the incidents or in the characters of this most touching story, except in its unconventional ending, which takes the reader by surprise. The genius of the author has closed an idyll of love and death with a strain of sweet, sad music in that minor key which belongs to remembrance and regret.”—*Daily News*, January 22nd, 1879.

“We have read this new work with the interest arising from the expectations which the author had quickened in us, and with the hope of finding those expectations confirmed. We are not disappointed, for we have here the same selectness of language, the same high, pure tone, the same delicate power of touching the deeper chords of thought and feeling, which have previously won our attention and sympathy.”—*Literary World*, January 17th, 1879.

“At the close of the tale the heart swells with pathos, and the tears all but force their way into the eyes. To turn from the most noteworthy of modern poetry to the verse in which ‘Gwen’ is written is like turning from a brilliant painting to a fine statue. We are scarcely sensible of want of colour, so refreshed are we by purity of outline. All, indeed, is graceful, good, and poetical work, as pure and limpid in flow as a brook.”—*Sunday Times*, February 2nd, 1879.

“The piece as a whole will repay very attentive perusal, while here and there in it there is a particular choice bit of work. Here, for example, is a fine lyric . . . and here a love-song of rare and exquisite beauty.”—*New York Evening Post*, February 20th, 1879.

“Few among the later poets of our time have received such a generous welcome as the author. He has been appreciated not by critics alone, but by the general public. . . . The charm of ‘Gwen’ is to be found in the limpid clearness of the versification, in the pathetic notes which tell the old story of true love wounded and crushed. Nothing can be more artistically appropriate or more daintily melodious than the following. . . .”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 8th, 1879.

“The poem is, as a whole, tender, simple, chaste in feeling, and occasionally it rises to a lyrical loftiness of sentiment or grows compact with vigorous thought.”—*New York “Nation,”* March 27th, 1879.

“The writer has gained inspiration from themes which inspired Dante; he has sung sweet songs and musical lyrics; and whether writing in rhyme or blank verse, has proved himself a master of his instrument. He knows, like all true poets, how to transmute what may be called common into the pure gold of poetry.”—*Spectator*, July 26th, 1879.

THE ODE OF LIFE.

“The ‘Ode of Life’ ought to be the most popular of all the author’s works. People flock to hear great preachers, but in this book they will hear a voice more eloquent than theirs, dealing with the most important subjects that can ever occupy the thoughts of man.”—*Westminster Review*, July, 1880.

“The many who have found what seemed to them of value and of use in the previous writings of the author, may confidently turn to this, his latest and, in his own view, his most mature work. It is full of beauty of thought, feeling, and language.”—*Daily News*, April 8th, 1880.

"Full of exquisite taste, tender colour, and delicate fancy, these poems will add considerably to the reputation of their author."—*Sunday Times*, April 25th, 1880.

"The author is one of the few real poets now living. Anything at once more sympathetic and powerful it would be difficult to find in the poetry of the present day."—*Scotsman*, May 11th, 1880.

"Next to the 'Epic of Hades,' it is his best work."—*Cambridge Review*, May 19th, 1880.

"Here is one standing high in power and in fame who has chosen a nobler course. . . . The experiment is successful, and though we must not now discuss the laws to which the structure of an ode should conform, we rank the poem in this respect as standing far above Dryden's celebrated composition, but below the Odes of Wordsworth on Immortality and of Milton on the Nativity, which still remain peerless and without a rival."—*Congregationalist*, May 1st, 1880.

"A high devout purpose and wide human sympathy ennoble all the writer's work, and his clear language and quiet music will retain his audience."—*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1880.

"In all that respects technical points, certainly the most finished work we have yet had from the author's hand, and here and there the phrasing is exquisite. For ambitious aims, and for art which so far has justified those aims, for elevation and refinement, these poems are in advance of any of the author's former works."—*British Quarterly Review*, July, 1880.

"Any notice of recent poetry would be inadequate without a reference to the 'Ode of Life.' The only fault we have to find with this really remarkable effort—a sort of expansion of Wordsworth's famous Ode—is that it is rather too long for its ideas; but it possesses power, sweetness, occasional profundity, and

unmistakable music. It is, when all is said and done, a true 'Ode,' sweeping the reader along as the ode should do, and

'Growing like Atlas, stronger for its load.'

It appears to us to bring definite proof that the writer's pretensions have not been over-stated."—*Contemporary Review*, February, 1881.

SONGS UNSUNG.

"Some of the more important pieces make almost equal and very high demands alike on my sympathy and my admiration, and I hope you may long be enabled to cherish the enviable gift of finding utterance for Truths so deep in forms of so much power and beauty."—*Letter from Mr. GLADSTONE*, November, 1883.

"The reader of his former work will probably commence this volume with considerable expectations. Nor will he be altogether disappointed, although he will probably wish that Mr. Morris had given the world more of his exquisite classical workmanship."—*Fortnightly Review*, November, 1883.

"'The New Creed' is, in some respects, his most striking achievement. The poem is one well suited to his mind, but we are not aware that he has ever before written anything at once so impressive, so solemn, and so self-restrained. The last two lines have all the happy energy of the highest poetry."—*Spectator*, November 10th, 1883.

"In reading it one feels constantly 'How worthy this book would be of beautiful illustrations!'"—*Academy*, November 24th, 1883.

"The volume is full of the sweet fruits of a large experience ; a profound study of the many problems of life ; a clear insight

into human nature; and the book as a whole ranks among the best gifts which the press has in recent years bestowed upon us."—*Leeds Mercury*, November 21st, 1883.

"There is not one of these 'Songs Unsung' which does not deserve to be read and re-read."—*Glasgow Herald*, November 16th, 1883.

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"The reputation earned by the author's books has been such as few men in a century are permitted to enjoy. Beginning with the first volume, it has gone on increasing."—*Liverpool Mercury*, November 9th, 1883.

"For ourselves we dare hardly say how high we rank Mr. Morris. This last volume is deserving of highest praise. In some of its contents no living poet, to our mind can surpass him."—*Oxford University Herald*, March 8th, 1884.

"The gems of this volume, to our mind, are some of the shorter poems, which are full of melody and colour, saturated with lyrical feeling, and marked by that simplicity without which no poem of this class can be called great."—*British Quarterly Review*, January, 1884.

“The writer is never diffuse or vague or pointless, both his road and the end of it are always in view.”—*New York Critic*, January 19th, 1884.

“In one sense ‘Songs Unsung’ is more typical of Mr. Morris’s genius than any of his previous works. There is in them the same purity of expression, the same delicate fancy, the same mastery of technique, and withal the same loftiness of conception.”—*Scotsman*, December 22nd, 1883.

“In some respects we must award him the distinction of having a clearer perception of the springs of nineteenth-century existence than any of his contemporaries. . . . What could be more magnificent than the following conception of the beginning of things. . . .”—*Whitehall Review*, October, 1883.

“Mr. Morris has always that picturesque power which limns in a few words a suggestive and alluring picture of nature or of life evoking the imagination of the reader to supplement the clear and vigorous work of the poet.”—*New York Christian Union*, February, 1884.

“No lover of poetry will fail to make himself possessed of this volume from the pen of one who has made for himself so high and distinctive a place among modern writers.”—*Manchester Examiner*, January 31st, 1884.

“After making every possible deduction, ‘Songs Unsung’ is a noble volume, and ought to be received by those who, like ourselves, believe in the necessary subordination of art to morality with profound gratification.”—*Freeman*, April 18th, 1884.

“We have quoted enough to show that this book has genuine merit in it, merit in poetry, merit in philosophy, and, we may add, merit in religion. Lewis Morris takes the ‘new and deeper view of the world’ of which Carlyle now and then caught sunny glimpses. He sings in sweet and measured Tennysonian strains of philosophy what Darwin and Herbert Spencer teach in prose ;

without the informing glow of the imagination. There are living poets greater than Lewis Morris, but of the younger race of poets he is foremost."—*The Inquirer*, April 5th, 1884.

"The hold which a poet who writes with such intense seriousness of purpose and such passionate earnestness gains upon his generation is far stronger and more lasting than if his sole attempt were to stimulate or to satisfy the sense of the beautiful. All the things of which we wish that poetry should speak to us, have voice given to them in the song of this glorious singer."—*South Australian Advertiser*, March 24th, 1884.

"As a whole this volume, while charming anew the poet's former admirers, should win for his genius a wider acquaintance and appreciation."—*Boston Literary World*, February 23rd, 1884.

"Mr. Morris has the invaluable gift of recognizing and being in full sympathy with the current ideas and feelings of the time. The broad humanitarianism, the genuine sympathy with the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate, characteristic of our age, is one of the most attractive features of his poetry, and to the revival of the feeling for classical beauty, which may be looked upon as a collateral branch of the 'æsthetic' movement, he owes more than one charming inspiration. . . . To sum up. Mr. Morris's volume is likely to add to his reputation. It is healthy in tone, and shows no decline of the varied qualities to which the author owes his widespread reputation."—*Times*, June 9, 1884.

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